NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

VOLUME XXII.—No. 43. Price Ten Cents.

MY BABY.

WRITTEN FOR THE N. Y. CLIPPER.

No rosewood crib has my baby,
With costly drapery hung;
But over this little time-worn bed
Words tender and loving are sung.

No downy couch for my treasure
To rest her dear little head;
But angels will gather as closely
Round the cot as the dainty bed.

No broidered robes has my darling,
No laces, ruffles or frills;
Yet her lisping prattle is sweeter
Than music of running rills.

No socks with their netted fringing
Cover the pink-nailed toes;
But the bare little feet make music
Wherever the baby goes.

No cap with its ruffled border
Hides her crown of golden hair;
It clusters and curls in rings of light
Over face and forehead fair.

I've no rubies or pearls in keeping
To enrich my baby fair;
I trust her young life to the Saviour
To guard with infinite care.

I look on my baby with gladness,
Glowing with beauty and health;
I look at the pale child of fashion,
Nursed in the cradle of wealth.

And prayers by the crib are whispered,
And silently rise to the throne,
That the Father will guard my treasure,
And keep her fore'er His own.

Hanover, Pa. MRS. M. M. GUNNISON.

THE TRUE AND THE FALSE;

OR,

WHEN THE SHIP COMES HOME.

CHAPTER XIX.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
—SHAKESPEARE.

How long that ominous, impassive lull would have lasted who shall say? Neither of the men seemed disposed to commence the unpleasant conference.

Ruhl stood white as marble, with his hands clenched and his steady eyes gleaming a cold, steel-like glitter upon the fair, boyish face of his enemy.

"I hope, sir," said Frank, breaking the ominous lull, and showing a bold front, "that my stepbrother delivered my message complete."

"I believe he did. Still I have come to see for myself. I am not the man to lightly give up a purpose, Mr. Hopetown."

"Nor I."

"Very well; then you will better understand me. You have been instrumental in making a widow's home desolate—you have robbed that widow of a daughter, me of a wife."

"Pardon; I did not know you were married."

Ruhl's lips compressed themselves a little more, and that steel-light in his eyes grew more deadly.

"You robbed me of her for whom I have slaved, who had promised to be my wife. I ask you where she is."

"A moment, please. You will understand that I have not admitted being a party in the acts or facts you state. But even, saying that I did admit it, that I confessed to having sought this lady who is yet nameless, it does not follow that I should tell you, even where I cognizant of her whereabouts."

"The lady of whom I speak," said Ruhl in a loud voice, full of dangerous calm, "is Miss Temple."

"Well?"

"Do you admit having abducted that lady?"

"Mr. Ruhl, I admit nothing."

"But you must—you shall!"

"That sounds something like a threat, sir."

"Take it in any form you please. I say that you shall be made to speak! If you have made that lady your wife, bring her forth to the world, and not keep her hidden away while her name is linked with infamy. If you have not married her, give her up, or ——"

"Proceed, sir, proceed."

"I will kill you!"

"That would be murder," answered Frank, the flush deepening on his cheeks.

Charles Ruhl laughed a short, mocking, savagely bitter laugh.

"I should not be entirely surprised were the act in this case called justifiable homicide," he said.

"That is a matter I shall not argue with you. With regard to the other subject I think you are a little extravagant. In these days a lady cannot be kept away from her friends against her will. There are no Bluebeards now."

"That I am inclined to doubt," interrupted Ruhl. "But the Bluebeards of the nineteenth century do their fiendish work in another way."

"Possibly. I am not versed in Bluebeardism. In the matter of your unmanly demands upon me, I can only say that, under the circumstances of the case you have so well detailed, I should deem the unsolicited intervention of a third party a want of delicacy."

"The teaching may be imaginary, so may the sin, the violation of the widow's home a matter of necessity—necessity in love and war knows no law, sir."

Ruhl looked hard at his rival and seemed for a few moments to be seriously contemplating a struggle, and with all the energy of his stolid, controllable nature to be fighting down his dangerous passions.

"We will not discuss logic or philosophy, sir. You and I know that you have decoyed Miss Temple away from her home. If she is your wife, why hide her away? If she is not, give her up while there is yet time to prevent the breaking of a good woman's heart."

"I choose to act as I please—so will the lady."

"Then understand me. You shall be watched, your every movement dogged, until I do find her. Let it then be seen that you have willfully and treacherously wronged her. I will hunt you down without mercy, and your fate shall be worse than death. I have been more used up in your family affairs than you ever dreamed of. It was a bad day's work, Francis Hopetown, when you made me your enemy."

"You may act as you please, and try to do your worst. I shall see that you do not go too far," answered Hopetown with some dignity, and then walked out of the room, leaving Ruhl standing statue-like, battling against the fury of a raging tempest rising within him.

Frank met his cousin downstairs, and bade him "au revoir" and left the house.

"The first trouble," he muttered. "That man will keep his word. He is a dangerous foe. Poor Nell! I hope I shall be able to keep this matter from her. I thought my great happiness was too glorious to last."

To a man unused to real trouble, the first one is always magnified by imagination at the outset. So it was with Frank. During the drive home he gloomily enough conjured up the darkest possible side of everything, and created in prospective a most dreary picture indeed. He tried to shake off the dullness as he neared home.

"To make that poor Pet miserable can only add to my own," he said inwardly. He was too unselfish to wish her to share in his anticipations. But his own good intentions were soon rendered abortive.

Ellen was advertised for and fully described, but the name withheld. She was the first to see the advertisement in the daily papers, and she took it to Frank, with some alarm depicted on her sweet face.

"Frank, what is the meaning of this?"

"What is it, my pet? something new? Ah! why that scornful, startled look, my princess?"

"It is distinctly my typical portrait, Frank."

"What the deuce ——"

But he could not keep up that strain of levity. The moment she held out the paper to him he had partly suspected the unhappy truth, and he turned alternately white and red as he perused the sentence.

"Twenty pounds reward,'" he read, "will be paid any person or persons who shall give such information as will lead to the recovery of the young lady who left her home under suspicious circumstances.'"

"What does that mean, Frank?"

"Heaven alone knows, my love, but it is a police-court formula."

"How cruel of mamma to put that in."

"I should think she did not. The description is too minute even for a loving mother to concoct, and the gentleman who wrote it evidently expects that whoever sees you will do so with his eyes."

Frank said this laughingly.

Ellen looked at him, clearly mystified.

"The man who—ah"—and then a light dawned upon her. "Frank, it is he who has done it all—O my darling, and I am a minor!"

She clasped her hands in real horror and despair. This was the first time she had ever thought of the peril attending such a step while she was under age.

"Well, my princess must leave her incognito until she gets military honors and becomes a major."

"Frank, can you jest?"

"Why not? This is Ruhl's doings, but I am prepared to baffle him. I told him so."

"You told him, Frank! When?"

Frank told her of his meeting with Charles Ruhl, and Ellen listened, much interested.

"Poor, dear old boy," she said fondly; "and so they put all the blame on you."

"Let them, Nell. I can bear it for a while. It will not be forever."

"It shall not," answered Ellen with a show of her old spirit. "Mamma at least shall know."

That might put a stop to the interference of the police," said Frank thoughtfully. "At the same time you might threaten to publish that you are staying away from home of your own free will."

"Anything, dear Frank, to save us from separation, or ——"

"My ruin?"

"Yes, Frank."

"Brave little woman! If you act with me in this you shall have your reward."

"My reward, Frank?"

"Yes."

"Have you not done enough?"

"I have done nothing until I can insure your perfect happiness, my darling, and I think we can circumvent your friend until it is time to appease him."

"I think, Frank, if you were to give me permission to write to him, just a few lines, to appeal to his own sense of honor and delicacy in the matter."

"I have listened to you without restraint, my child, but I think I must say No to that. Selfish jealousy causes him to try and hunt you down, or I would countenance the step. Nell, my pet, I don't like that man."

"I cannot expect you to, Frank," Ellen said with a smile.

"Nell, I am sure you will not think me capable of disliking him purely out of his friendly relationship to you."

"No. Your unselfishness has been always too apparent."

"I saw much of him that night, and were I at all a nervous man, and fancied myself the least in his power, should shudder to meet him. He at once impressed me as having a large amount of the cat in his nature."

"I think, Frank, his blind and selfish and stupid attachment to me has brought forth the worst points in his nature. See how many have been his friends, how he is lifted and trusted by the heads of the firm. I watched him closely, and failed to discover anything like a subtle undercurrent in him. If anything, he is generally supposed to be too frank and straightforward."

"They, my dear, are the men who become great and dangerous schemers. They make you fancy you know so much more than they do—always ready to assume an innocence, and people are never so easily taken in as when the person who takes them in panders to their vanity and pretends to be the more stupid of the two. However, we will not discuss his merits or demerits. My impression of him is distinctly unfavorable, but it may not be correct."

"No; we cannot always be correct. Circumstances change men, and women too. You can starve out a good deal of the honesty and the virtue of the human race. I believe that. I have seen it."

"Yes; and I have seen it too. Sin does not always come from a vicious nature. Worry and want play havoc with a man's good principles. Trace the cause of nearly every suicide to its source, and we should find those two words at the bottom."

"I always pity more than I blame those who go wrong."

"Yes; you would be more lenient as a judge than just, I fear."

"Oh, no. Just and lenient. I think it is so dreadful when a very heavy sentence is passed upon a felon for the first offense, and hanging is barbarous."

"I trust we shall both live to see that relic of the ages of ignorance and barbarity done away with. The destroying of one life cannot sanction the taking of another. Besides, death is rarely so much feared as would be penal servitude for life. Imagine a man spending the whole of his days in a prison or a galley, with his conscience haunting him with the memory of the horrid deed of blood. The sanctity of human life would be more respected with such a probable punishment for its violation than under the dread of capital punishment."

"Then I hope it will be done away with."

"How strangely one drifts from a subject!" smiled Frank. "Let us go back to it. What do you say to this proposal? We must look out at once for some neat little villa. You can trust Dyer, can you not?"

"Yes; she is a'good girl, and very faithful."

"Very well. I think her uncle Cottell can be trusted, too, for he will do for coachman and gardener. A cook you could get. I think you would be safe then."

"I think so, providing the villa was not near a neighborhood in which I was likely to be known."

"That of course must be avoided. Will you write, then, to Mrs. Temple, and I will post the letter in London? Give no clue."

"I promise you, dear Frank," said Ellen, and he knew that the promise would be kept.

Ellen kept within doors during the remainder of her stay at Putney, and Frank gave strict orders that no one was to be admitted, whether he was out or at home.

"The house is mine. The ground was bought and the house built by my father; surely I have a right to keep it as a retreat, if I choose, and, by Jove! I will. What says my fairy queen?"

"I think I have heard it said that an Englishman's house is his castle, and this is my lord's castle," laughed Ellen.

"Ah. I am afraid the castles are rather too freely invaded in these days by school-board officers and vaccination officers. The sacred precincts of a man's home are rather rudely intruded upon at times. Well, I have seen a villa. Will you drive over with me?"

"If you think we shall be safe, yes," said Ellen. Her letter to her mother, whatever its contents were, had done its work, inasmuch as a notice had been inserted in the papers with the words of the twenty pounds reward, and stating that information had been received from the young lady herself.

So far Ellen was saved from pain and apprehension; but strange faces had been seen round the house at Putney—faces of men who had the peculiar furtive, active look and indomitable coolness that belong to the professional spies.

As they appeared, so they were reported to Hopetown or Ellen, and thus their efforts to get even a sight at Ellen signally failed.

The furnished villa was near Sydenham. It was leased by a man who was of that undefined order, "something in the city." He had well furnished the house, rather more with the intention of imitating the finery of the west-end mansions than their elegance and taste.

The rent wanted was high—high enough to warrant the supposition that the gentleman's "something in the city" had run him into difficulties, and he wished to recoup a little of his extravagant expenditure. Terms being one of those things that Frank always made a last consideration, they in no way prevented his general approval of the house.

"This will at least be a change," he said to Ellen. "After all, there is something of a charm in that. It is pleasant to have different places to go to, is it not?"

"Very, my dear Frank, to those who are not gifted with a love of quiet, homely comfort."

There was just the shadow of a reproach in her voice. Frank's love of change, of novelty, his ceaseless restlessness, more than once had made her speculate in grave alarm as to the future.

"Come, well you mean something by that tone, I know. But I can love change of scene and novelty without being changeable in myself."

"I hope so."

"Believe so, and it will be so," he said with a smile, though his tone was earnest enough.

They drove back home, and Frank retired to his study to write and instruct his solicitors in the matter, and Ellen sat down on a couch by the window to think over her new home.

She did not entertain the change with so much pleasure as Frank had. In the first place, he would be with her only at intervals, and she had already learnt to miss him so sadly when he was absent that she could not feel happy or at rest only when he returned.

She stood up and gazed thoughtfully into the garden, which the large and now open windows of the room overlooked.

The windows here were those known as French, which implies that they open in the same manner as doors. A flight of steps beneath them led down to the garden, wherein Ellen spent much of her evening time and her lonely hours.

The dusk was too deep now for her to seek the pleasure of her flower-beds and shrubberies. Still, she hailed the fresh breeze through the open windows.

A slight rustling, as of some faint footfall or a rushing body amongst the shrubs and evergreens, fell faintly on Ellen's ear. A cool courage was one of her most notable characteristics. She neither trembled nor fled, but, stepping on to the top step, peered about her.

She fancied she saw the figure of a woman.

"Is that you, Dyer?"

"No, Ellen, it is I," came rapidly in response, and before the voice had lingered long enough in the air for Ellen to fully recognize it, a figure had fled up the steps and was clasping at her silken skirts.

"Ellen, Ellen, my darling! Don't send me away without a word! Don't be angry! I can always, always keep a secret!"

"Amy!" exclaimed Ellen, thoroughly aghast. "Amy, my child, what have you done? How came you here?"

Amy burst into tears, and then sisterly instinct overcame every other consideration, and she wrapped her arms round the child who had been her care since she first caught the vital breath of life, and held her to her breast with a tender protestation, meant to soothe her sorrows and her fears.

CHAPTER XX.

To be wise and love
Exceeds man's might.—SHAKESPEARE.

"Hush, my darling, do not cry," said Ellen, drawing her young sister into the room, and closing the long window with an outstretched left arm which gleamed white and beautiful and round in the lowering dusk that shadowed the room. "Sit here beside me, Amy, one moment."

She got up hastily, and walked across the room just as the door opened and a servant appeared with lights.

"Thank you, Dyer; do not bring them until I ring. I am fond of the twilight," she said smilingly. "You may light the gas in my room, if you will."

Dyer looked surprised.

"Yes, 'm," said Dyer, retiring backwards.

Ellen, closing the door after her, returned to Amy, who had sat still and trembling on the sofa. The way she had come, the means by which she had obtained admittance, and the solemn gloom shrouding this strange place, all helped to make her feel like one mixed up in a mystery.

Ellen went back and kissed her fondly. She had removed a large gauze veil and hat, and her uncovered, wondrous head of hair.

"Amy, how did you get here?"

"I was told of the house. I have been before."

"More than once?"

"Yes," answered Amy in a low voice, and holding her head at the same time. "What a lovely place it is! I saw you once."

"Saw me? Where?"

"At one of the windows in front of the house, and —O Ellen!—I felt that I must run up to you, but I thought I would not."

"My child, what induced you to take this step? You ought to have known that I should have sent for you as soon as I am sufficiently my own mistress."

"Oh, but I could not help it; I wanted to see you. I was determined not to be seen. No one would suspect anything seeing a girl like me about the place."

"How did you get into the garden?"

"By a little side gate that was left open. O Ellen, love, I am so very, very unhappy! Might I not come and see you sometimes?"

"It cannot be yet, my love. Considerations which you are took young to understand prevent me according to such a request."

"I will be secret and cautious."

"No, no, Amy; tell me all I want to know. You were sent here?"

"No, no, I was not. I wanted to come, and when I heard Charles talking of the house, and going on as he did, I said that, if ma would let me come and he would be quiet, I would try and keep my myself."

"For what purpose?" asked Ellen a little severely.

"O Ellen! can't you guess?"

"Under the circumstances, I cannot."

"To—to know something."

"Amy, I am sorry for it; you have sent you on a disgraceful mission. Charles Ruhl has no right to question my doings; and if mamma cannot wait for me to give an explanation of my conduct. I shall cease to give her any consideration in the matter."

"O Ellen! it is so miserable at home now. Charles is so strange, so silent and so moody; he seems to be getting well, and says he will spend all his money in taking you away."

"He dare not!" said Ellen fiercely. "Tell him that, if you will. He cannot. Charles Ruhl is nothing to me. He never was anything but a friend. No, he is nothing—aye, and if Frank were to die to-morrow—if he left me penniless in the streets, Charles Ruhl never would be anything to me."

Amy listened with a strangely old expression on her young face.

Ellen had risen, and in her queenly way taken a few angry strides about the room.

"Ellen," said Amy, going up to her sister and twining her arms round her neck, "will you tell me something I am going to ask, without being angry?"

"Amy, I can tell you nothing."

"Only one—one little question."

"Amy, child, you distress me."

"Tell me then, Ellen," she pressed her panting lips close to her sister's ear, "are you married?"

Ellen had scarcely expected that question to come even from this unchild-like child in that abrupt way. It aroused a secret feeling of anger and indignation.

"Amy, Amy!" she cried, thrusting her sister from her. "I cannot answer you any questions. I will not!"

That seemed conclusive.

Amy sat back on the couch and turned up her dark face—dusky and old—with eyes like lamps, it looked in this gloom—and there was a puzzled look upon it, as if her mind was struggling against something, or over something—a doubt, an enigma, anything and everything that was confusing, and at last seemed to give it up.

"Ellen, won't you forgive me? I don't blame you—I never did. I take your part against ma and Charles. I would go where my love prompted me, in spite of everything. It seems to me this life is dull and miserable enough. There is a something wanting, and that is love. I'm sure it is. Then why should not people fly to it—I should."

"Good Heavens, Amy!"

Ellen was electrified. This child talking of love in such a strain as this, in this solid, solemn, old-fashioned way, as though it had been the burden of her thoughts through years of pining.

"Amy, my child, you do not know what you talk of—you cannot, you must not!"

And then Ellen stopped, flushed and filled with shame that was deeply grateful to the darkness for concealing.

"What have I done?" she said mentally. "Never until now has the enormity of the error I committed presented itself to me in this light. What an example for this child! I, who should have been her prompter, have thus left her faltering between the crossroads of virtue and ruin. What have I done—what have I done?"

And then in that darkened room she strode its carpeted length to calm her disturbed feelings and to shed her first bitter tears of repentance.

She had erred, grievously, willingly—to what extent the world did not know. It only surmised, and surmised the worst.

The thought sent hot flushes of bitter shame spreading over her.

"Ellen, won't you forgive me? Won't you speak to me? I must be going."

And here she sighed.

"Forgive you! It is for you to forgive me, Amy," said Ellen in her old tender, assuring voice. "Yes, my darling, I have done wrong in breaking the laws of conventionality. But it was for his sake."

The plump brown hand stole into hers, and Amy's head drooped upon her shoulder.

"I loved Frank as only I could love, dangerously, madly. I loved him more when I found him to be a good man. He was in trouble, and found comfort from my advice and companionship, and he feared to lose me as much as I did to lose him. What could we do? He dared not, through a clause in his father's will, openly marry, because that would beggar him, yet we could not part."

Ellen paused as if her mind had gone back to those sweet days of her love-dream.

"Go on—oh, go on, Ellen! How beautiful, how entrancing! It thrills me!"

"I dared not stay at home and wait in the ordinary, commonplace way for the time to come when he would be free. I might have done so—yes, I might have done so but for Charles. I liked him as a friend, a brother, but I could never, never love him as I do Frank. But not what I said of Frank—of the obstacle—of the secret, you know. Amy, you are intelligent enough to know all I want kept to yourself."

"Yes, yes; trust me, dearest Ellen. But you have not heard all my news. There is joyful news—at least, it would have been joyful news for you had you been at home."

"What is it, Amy?"

"We have a letter from Ned. He is coming home."

"Edward coming home? When?"

"Oh, perhaps in a few weeks, perhaps sooner. I copied his letter, and have brought you the copy. See,"

"Thanks, you darling, you thoughtful little, dear old woman," said Ellen, taking the letter from her and putting it away in her pocket. "Come, Amy, to my room, or it will be thought strange of me to remain quite so long in the dark. Stay an instant, darling."

Ellen rose and went to the door just as Frank paused on its threshold.

"In the dark, my pet?" he said.

Ellen took him by the arm and led him away.

"There is somebody there," she said with a smile. "Who?"

"Hush, darling. Let me tell you I cannot—will not commence to practice deceit with you."

And then she led him into a well-lit apartment, and, with her hands locked on his shoulder, told him how her brave-hearted little sister had come alone and obtained admittance, and then briefly related the interview.

"Can we trust her?"

"I have divulged nothing, Frank. It is not necessary. The child is devoted to me, and would not say a word that would cause me an instant's pain."

"I believe you, my pet," said Frank, kissing Ellen very fondly.

He had heard from her on different occasions little reminiscences of Amy which gave him a pretty accurate idea of her strange character.

"But she must not be allowed to return that great journey without some protection," he said, always thoughtful. "I will order the brougham for her against the time you are ready. It can take her within two or three doors of her own house, and then return."

"Thank you, Frank. You are so good. My mind will be relieved."

"I should like to see the little woman," smiled Frank.

"It is better, dear, that she should not see you yet."

"No," he said with a sigh, "not yet. Ah, how I hate that word Yet."

And he turned away, leaving Ellen to return to her sister.

They went upstairs to Ellen's richly-furnished room.

The splendor of this villa dazzled Amy. She could scarcely find means of expressing her admiration of the luxury surrounding her.

"Oh, how lovely everything is!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, my darling, to the eye, but the path of happiness is not the one most strewn with roses always," said Ellen gravely. "Now, Amy, you love, you have not long to stay with me, and before you go I beg of you to believe the best of me. Have no doubt. Believe that I am sinless in this great step, and bide the time when he shall bring me forth and prove your belief."

"I never did and never could think you could sin, Ellen."

"Darling! I would make you a handsome present, Amy, only I know mamma's stern sense of duty would make her insist upon you not wearing it or accepting it until she knew that they were mine by a sacred right," said Ellen with a blush. "Still you can wear this in memory of me."

She gave Amy a splendid diamond cross. Amy was flushed as she took it, almost greedily, in both her hands. She held it up to the light, and watched it flash and sparkle like the luminaries in the sparkling firmament. Then she held it at a distance, then close, and, finally kissing it, attached the slender gold chain round her neck, and looked full of rapture, until Ellen reminded her that she must prepare to leave.

They went downstairs again. Refreshments were on the table, of which Amy partook but slightly; then with trembling hands Ellen took her little sister's hat and fastened it on, while Amy, with her instrous eyes brimful of tears, glanced through them at her sister with so much love and eloquence that it was impossible for them to resist the impulse of clasping each other round the neck, and weeping and kissing in the fullness of their hearts.

"O Ellen! shall we ever meet again?"

"Yes, darling, yes, soon. Sooner than we think, perhaps. Why not? Why not?"

They clung together like as if they feared an eternal parting. How sweet Hope whispered unto them to believe that so much good, so much happiness and brightness was in store for them in the future! What promises that swift-winged goddess in the tender, ever-careful nurse of despairing life) whispered them to make. The trouble-clouds only hung over them now, but would soon clear away and then sunshine—life's glorious Summer! Alas! fair Hope, but for thee, with thy sweet allurements, never, never leading to the goal of all our wishes, life would be a useless burden—scarce would there be life at all. Without thee, Hope, who would wish for a future?

Smile on these frail, fair children, who have but just started in their fruitless race with Time, swift and merciless winner, whose eternal scythe mows down all in his path. Poor laggards, who thought they were safely in advance. Smile on these children, or take them from the race to eternity, of which they shall become a portion!

The pang of parting over, the sisters clung together till the last, and that was when the shimmer of carriage-lamps shone outside the side gateway.

Then Ellen led Amy out, placed her in the carriage, and whispered:

"You are safe, darling. My carriage will drive you swiftly home. Good-bye."

Another fond embrace, and then the carriage rolled away with one who felt like a princess in a fairy legend, and left the other standing like one in a dream, until a gentle voice recalled her, and a strong arm glided round her waist and led her in.

"I have seen her," came in a laughing whisper. "She is a gipsy queen, a little Cleopatra; I shall be proud of my sister and my ——"

All the heavens seemed to light up at that moment; a blinding, vivid flash, a crashing, stinging, ringing report followed the light; all the silence was torn and shattered into din and echoes and cries, the loudest of which rang the heartwarning shriek of Ellen as she saw Francis stagger, with a red mark on his brow and a livid whiteness on his face. Then came silence and darkness for a brief instant—the appalled stillness that precedes the wild rush and hubbub of the coming of the alarmed household, who shriver forth in ghastly awe when there is thunder in the air and blood upon the soil.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"THE TRUE AND THE FALSE."

"Amy!" exclaimed Ellen, thoroughly aghast. "Amy! my child, what have you done? How came you here?"

TWILIGHT.

TO JOSIE T.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Down near a shady nook,
Sweet twilight on the brook
Gives place to peeping star.
Each little light, a brilliant there,
Marking out the heavenly stair
That leads to bliss afar.
Sweet twilight! Calmest hour,
Struggling against night's lower,
Trembling with delight;
Where love lisps the word,
Not to be overheard,
In Heaven's own twilight.
Nearer to me darling creeps,
Tells her love while yet she weeps,
Diamonds in her eyes.
God's peace is all above,
God smiles upon our love,
Smiles in sweetest skies.
Trembling from her lips
Her inmost thought now slips,
Trusts she in my might.
Star-seeds this crop has sown,
Harvest all mine own,
Gathered in twilight.

Philadelphia, 1874. GEO. LIPPARD BARCLAY.

TWO NEW-YEAR'S EVES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY H. ALSTON DARLEY.

Three years ago a poor, emaciated specimen of manhood sat shivering in the lone garret of a Bleecker-street tenement, before which human life flowed to and fro unceasingly. The apartment he occupied could not, properly, have the appellation of room applied to it, for in looking upward one could gain a very fair view of the sky through the broken roof, while the windows were completely blockaded by pieces of paper and rag. Even the walls looked as if plaster would be out of place upon them. An old orange-box and the remnants of a soap-box were the only ornaments that "palace of poverty and desolation" could boast of.

In a remote corner of the room were several layers of bricks, about three feet square, upon which a few pieces of charcoal were burning; and before them, seated upon the soap-box, was Royal Deane, the hero of this sketch, vainly endeavoring to infuse a little warmth into his sadly shrunken frame. Not a bad-looking young man, if you observed narrowly his paling features, yet thereupon could be seen the ravages hunger and privation had effected. His clothes were in the last stages of threadbare gentility, his shoes resembled sandals, while his hat was a holey covering of dire poverty. He had once seen better days—days when he had kept a man and servant in livery, while fortune smiled upon him, and everywhere within the Empire City beauty and wealth courted his society.

But one day there was whispered about aristocratic circles that the wealth he was using so lavishly belonged to another. The fortune had descended to him from a second cousin, he being at that time the only supposed living relative. And so, four years prior to the opening of our story, Royal Deane, then but a youth of twenty, walked with a kingly air into his new possessions, as though they had been born with him. He did not grow proud with them, but where poverty nestled its talons there was found the purse of Royal Deane. When the new claimant appeared, and proved his rights, Royal walked as proudly out of the wealth as he had into it; and his former friends gradually grew colder and more reserved to him, and from a formal bow it at last turned to the cold shoulder. Uncomplainingly he then began the task of acquiring for himself an honest and independent fortune, and, the palate and the pencil coming naturally to him, he put out an unpretentious-looking shingle, whereon was painted, in gilt letters, "ROYAL DEANE, Artist."

A year passed away, and the once elegant and refined Royal Deane was forced by circumstances to become the occupant of the little garret where we introduced him at the opening. Doing an occasional bit of coloring, or retouching an old painting, brought him enough to defray his humble expenses, with a cup of coffee and a few rolls as a luxurious repast.

But, seated before his little gathering of charcoals, his thoughts are of anything but former days. At last, tired of sitting idly before the fire, he started up, and, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, he commenced to pace to and fro, his head bent in deep meditation.

"To-morrow will be New-Year's," he muttered, raising his head and looking through the roof to the starry heavens above; "and for dinner I would like a piece of steak and a fresh roll. In buying a loaf of bread I can get a big New-Year's cake—that would do for dessert. Let me see. If Baxter were only at home, and I could get the two-thirty due me, I could get them and pay the rent. I'll try anyhow!" and he started for the door. With his hand upon the latch he paused, and looked around the garret until his eyes settled upon the embers in the corner. "Ah!" he said, "I must put you out, or you'll bankrupt me."

Lying beneath one of the windows was a little mound of snow, blown there by the wind, and to this Royal went, and, gathering a handful, he scattered it over the charcoal. That accomplished, he left the room, and went down the stairs gayly singing:

"Hard up, hard up; I never shall forget
How the devil I was better off the day we left ye!"

Reaching the sidewalk, he walked briskly as far as Crosby street, through that to Prince, and then, turning to the west, he buttoned his coat tightly about the neck and accelerated his stepe until he reached an ale-house, whereat he turned and entered. Glancing around the place in search of the proprietor, he saw him seated at one of the tables, and approached him with:

"Mr. Baxter, sir. I have come for the little amount falling due upon the morrow—two dollars and thirty cents, if you remember aright. To-morrow will be the advent of a new year, and I thought probably you would prefer settling to-night, instead of my troubling you to-morrow."

"Av coorse, me boy," said Baxter, looking up from the paper he had been reading. "I'arnt the money, and I'll give it ye now." And, drawing from an inside pocket a roll of notes, and taking therefrom several bills of small denomination, he handed them to Royal, saying: "There, me boy, put thim in your pocket—it's all right!" and he returned to his paper.

With throbbing pulse Royal took the bills, and in going towards the door examined them to see if they were sufficient to cover the debt. A smile of joy beamed for an instant upon his pale face, and he was about to place the money in his pocket; but instead he turned about, and, going to Mr. Baxter, said:

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Mr. Baxter, but you have given me too much. Will you look for yourself, please?"

"Arrah, don't bother me, Misther Dane!" was the reply. "If I made a mistake, kape the balance until some other toime. Don't you see I'm rading?"

"But, sir, the money is yours, and I may never be able to repay ——"

"Be me sowl!" cried Baxter, jumping from his seat in what Royal thought anger, but a close observer might have easily detected a gleam of bright humor in his honest blue eyes; "be me sowl, if ye don't have me alone I'll tell Barney to put y'out! If ye can't pay me, kape the money, and don't be throubling me whoile I'm engage' rading. Happy New-Year to ye, and may it bring ye bettther luck nor ye've had lately. So go on and lave me rade!" and before he knew it Royal was standing outside breathing a short prayer for honest Jerry Baxter.

With lighter heart he stepped over the pavement and soon reached the Bowery. It was about nine o'clock, and the mixture of faces he saw made him feel all the more his deplorable situation. Perhaps, thought he, some of the poor wretches I meet are even more dependent than I.

His eye searched every toy window in hopes that he might find some suitable toy for the little hazel-eyed girl in the room beneath his, and whose tender life, he knew by her hacking cough, would soon join bright-winged seraphs on high. At last he settled upon and purchased a flaxen-haired doll, and, placing it in his pocket, he started for his lodging.

Suddenly a span of horses, with a carriage behind them, came tearing down Spring street and turned the Bowery in the direction of Fourth avenue.

"Stop the horses!" "Runaway!" etc., were heard on all sides.

Royal sprang to the curb, and as he did so a shriek rent the air, making the scene one of wild confusion. Looking to see whence the scream came, he saw a young girl standing directly in front of, and not twenty-five feet away from, the fleeing horses. Royal saw that unless something was done without a moment's delay the poor girl would be trampled to death. He saw that a down-car had stopped right abreast of the girl, while between her and the curb-stone were situated little stands full of toys, but now deserted by the affrighted owners. *He* had naught to live for, it flashed through his brain—none to weep for him at his death. Better sacrifice *his* worthless life to save hers who might be a mother's love, a father's only joy, or an orphan brother's or sister's protector. Quick as thought he sprang over one of the stands, and catching in his arms the maiden, frozen almost with terror, made for the rear platform of the car. He had just placed the girl upon it as the maddened steeds came rushing by, the hind wheel of the coach striking him upon the hip and knocking him prostrate upon the platform. A low moan of agony escaped him, but as quickly did he dispel it. *She* must not be made aware of his pain. Regaining his feet, he saw she was watching him, with thanks in her tear-bedimmed eyes plainly visible.

"Are you injured, little one?" he inquired, looking to see if she spoke the truth.

"No, sir; but I fear that you are," answered a sweet, sympathetic voice. "Oh, why did you not let me die, and then I would have escaped all this world of misery closing around me?"

"That was the motive impelling me to sacrifice my worthless life to save yours," Royal replied. Then, noticing that a crowd had collected about them, he said in an undertone: "Let us leave this place—we are becoming too conspicuous;" and together they turned and left the crowd, who, on finding no one was hurt, dispersed, while the rescued and the rescuer turned down a by-street.

Two lives upon New-Year's eve, thus suddenly linked together, pour into each other's ears the tale of hardship and suffering.

"It is only about three months," began the maiden, "since mother died, and then I commenced my weary toil through life alone. I saw the deepening of the shadows about me, and my little fund of money diminishing with astonishing rapidity, until it had all disappeared. Then my household utensils went one by one, and I saw starvation hideously staring at me from all directions. I was a perfect stranger in the city, and there were none to whom I could turn for aid. I had my last penny out just one week ago, and to-night I was heartlessly turned out—a waif upon the world. Weary of trying to live, I was seeking to drown my sorrows in the silent, swift-flowing river, for in its icy embrace I could find that repose the world denied me. When I saw the runaway horses, I prayed they might trample me beneath their dying hoofs. But to you I owe my life, and am thankful I committed no outrage against my Maker."

"So, in saving you, my girl," said Royal, when she had done, "I saved you from the commission of a great crime. But at what I am about to say I trust you will not take offense, for I am in earnest. I might just as well be houseless as live in the place I do. Let us go to housekeeping. Now, there's a little room downstairs I can hire for you, and then you can keep my room for housekeeping. What do you say about it—eh?"

"Though it is a trying situation for me to be placed in, yet thankfully I accept your generous offer. We will link our lives together, let come what will."

"Then, that being decided, let us adjourn to my tenement;" and they turned from the Bowery and soon reached the place.

Royal immediately sought the landlord, told him his adventures of the night, stating also about his intention of hiring the young girl as a housekeeper. A settlement was soon effected, and Royal had the girl down from his attic above, and, showing her the room, said:

"This is your room, so long as I can pay for it. In the morning I will be on hand with a little breakfast. But as we two are going into partnership, suppose we find out each other's name? Mine is Royal Deane, yours ——"

"Grace Baldwine."

"Well, good-night, Grace, and pleasant dreams. But—now *don't* be angry—but have you had—any—supper—to-night?"

"No, Mr. Deane ——"

"Royal, please. Plain Royal, without any trimmings."

"Well, Royal, I have not. I can wait for my breakfast to come. Good-night."

"Good-night, Gracie." And he retired aloft, where he relighted his fire and sat down to think. Evidently he arrived at some definite conclusion, for he suddenly arose and left the place. All through the next two hours he was bringing in second-hand furniture. At last he secured the door, and, flinging himself upon a pile of straw in one corner of the room, he sank into a profound slumber.

"May I come in, Mr.—Royal?" said a low, sweet voice the next morning.

"Eh—yes; wait a minute!" And Royal sprang nimbly from his couch, but instantly sank back again, suppressing a cry of pain. The fact was too apparent. His injury the previous night had proved more serious than he at first supposed. But the patient girl waiting outside must not know of his pain. Painfully and slowly he raised himself upon his feet, and, with the wall as his support, he reached the door and opened it, when in tripped Grace with bright "Good-morning—and you have overslept yourself." And then, noticing the additional furniture, she interrogated:

"Why, where did this all come from? Ah, I am afraid you have been doing all this for my sake."

"You'll need them, Grace. You will find everything for breakfast on the table—that is, what is frugal."

And so the new life began. Royal and the maid of all work labored so assiduously as did the poor artist. Upon a newly imported easel is a young face of spirituelle beauty, and for a model Grace sits one hour each day. About the room are small paintings of every description, the sale of which brought him a neat little sum. And each day Royal saw a new quality to admire in Grace, and gradually the roses deepened in her cheeks, and her step grew lighter, while her heart beat with some new emotions. And soon it came to pass that she listened for Royal's coming at night, and the color would deepen in her cheeks and her glance be more shy than of old. Again it is New-Year's eve.

They have new apartments now in Amity street. A bright, pretty little room, serving alike for kitchen and parlor, we carry the reader to. And one night, just after tea-things had been cleared away, and the room dusted and settled, Royal sat down by the cosy fire, and, lighting his pipe, said:

"Gracie, I wish you would draw your chair close to mine. I want to tell you a little story. There, that will do." Puff, puff. "Phew!"

"Once there lived a man—poor, like me; one who—well, daubed pictures that wouldn't sell. He often told himself, wretched dog that he was, that his life would forever be barren of woman's sweet society. He walked out one night, going he knew not whither, but in his ramblings a runaway team came tearing along the Bowery, and right in front of them stood a young girl, beautiful as Hebe, transfixed with horror as she thought of her impending death. But the poor artist saw her danger, and sprang forward to rescue her. What's the matter, Gracie? Don't turn away from me! Well, she was saved, but almost at the sacrifice of his life; for the poor artist was struck a terrible blow by the hind wheel of the coach. But there were *two* blows struck him that night, one from which he could never recover. He fell beneath the blue of the girl's pretty eyes; she struck at his heart with the touch of her fingers—soft, white fingers like these, Gracie. He brought her to his home—she was a poor waif, like himself; and then he strove to trace her fair features on canvas. And as she sat for him he learned to love her. When he had finished the painting, all his life

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ **Letters seeking information** replied to only through this department must enclose stamps for return postage. Letters containing answers by mail cannot be answered in this department. In order to secure a rank equal to any living. One of Gemunder's own make, in imitation of a Stradavarius, was sent to the Vienna Exposition, where it was pronounced by the judges to be a genuine Cremona, proving the superiority of his instruments. 2. There is a very perceptible difference. 3. There is considerable difference between the two, regarding the superiority of violins of modern makers, but the above-named are conceded by the best judges of quality of tone and power to take the place of old instruments, many of which—as the Straduarius, Guarnerius, Amati, Stainer, etc.—have become impaired in tone through hard usage, repairing and old age. Villaume violins are to be had on New York, and range in value from $10 to $1,000. 4. The holding of the elbow depends on the school of instruction. Spohrs, or the German school, gives a very stiff position of the bow-arm, while the French and Belgian allow a more graceful holding, considered by many to be conducive to perfection in quality of tone and manipulation. A number of the great artists, as Wieniawski, Alard, Leonard and etc., have studied both the German and French schools, and have found the latter to be superior—a fact to which they give evidence by their superiority of tone, both in power and sympathy.

COMPAX, Mobile, Ala.—Very few persons, until after they have been on the stage some years, can tell in what particular department they would be likely to excel. Nearly all of our prominent comedians at first aspired to be tragedians, and the reverse of this has held good in many cases. The late Edwin Forrest, America's greatest actor, at one time during his early career made an engagement to perform during his early career made an engagement to perform in a circus as a tumbler, and would have kept it had not the late Manager Sol Smith persuaded him not to go, and gave him an engagement in his theatre. Living as you do, at a remote distance from our principal cities, your best plan would be to seek an interview with the manager of some traveling company that may visit your town, and solicit an engagement to play "anything and everything that may be required of you," and try it for a few weeks.

J. K. C., Washington.—"A beis B that any man, when becoming a citizen of the United States and a citizen of the Common Pleas of the city of New York, has to take the following oath. In becoming a citizen of the United States you have to swear against all foreign potentates and monarchies, in particular Great Britain." A loses. That is substantially the oath that a native of Great Britain alone would have to take. The form is: "Renounce all allegiance and fidelity of every foreign prince, potentate, State and sovereignty whatever, and particularly to"—naming the head of the Government of which the maker of the oath had been a subject.

THAYER, Boston.—Wooden shoes, gray or blue stockings, dark-colored pantaloons a little too short, a long waistcoat, a long coat with plenty of buttons on the skirt, a hatchet, a large collar filled with a red or yellow silk handkerchief, and a cap with a peak. We cannot explain to you on paper how to make up your face, because different countenances require different lines to be made, and rouge to be differently applied. Your best plan is to consult some of the actors who play small business in your city, and offer to pay them if they will instruct you how to make up your face for such a character.

F. E. J., Gulf Mills.—1. Neither man was declared winner in the fight between Heenan and Sayers. Heenan did not break Sayers' jaw, but not until after the fight that Heenan became blind. 2. Three of a kind beat two pair at bluff. 3. A flush comprises five cards of one suit, and will beat three of a kind, and also a simple straight. 4. A straight flush is a sequence, as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 for example, all of one suit. There are forty of them in the pack, eight of them can be out in the hand if there are eight or more players, and any one of them, when it is agreed to play them, will beat four aces.

A TRUE BRITON, Terre Haute.—1. The family name of the reigning sovereign of England is Guelph. All the Georges belonged to the same family, which is of the house of Hanover. 2. As there have been several Lord Roseberrys, a letter addressed to the late one will not be lost yet, the town-house of the family, 2 Berkeley square, London, might be the means of enlightening you as to "where Lord Roseberry lives, where he is native of, and how he ever had so many brothers in America, and what is his Christian name?" The queries are printed in the phone that some of our readers may be able to answer them.

H. H., Phila.—The drums or duns might be the most readily learned of the instruments mentioned, but even they will require considerable study and practice before you can hope to become proficient. The drummer assembles on the pin and the studs, and can either throw off or make such other settlement as they please; and the two 12's, that being low, can come to some similar arrangement about the chain and charm. The two 41's are "betwixt and between."

J. B., London.—1. Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" has been acted. 2. We do not recollect the widow, he must turn it up, whether he raps or not. After he raps, every man round is him has a pict.

MINN. CHARLIE.—All depends upon the stage of the game. The average percentage in favor of the dealer at cribbage is about four, or can be 33½ per cent. against a player, or it can be nothing.

MYRTLE, Richmond, Lyn.—Obviously, "three hearts are a flush of three" can refer only to the regular game of cribbage. It takes a full hand to make a flush; and at six-card cribbage there are, and not three, are a full hand.

J. R., Buffalo.—There is no proof that Pope Pius IX ever was a Mason. It was stated that he was a Mason before he became Pope, but the English authorities that at first credited the story now doubt it.

A CONSTANT READER.—There is, we believe, a free class of telegraphy at the Cooper Institute. Apply either there or at the office of Western Union Telegraph Company, under whose patronage it is.

SHAUGHNAN.—The patent was obtained by W. F. Munro, who subsequently sold his rights and assigned the patent to John Morris. We cannot give you the date of such patent, as we keep no record of such matters.

J. J. R., Baltimore.—Mr. Ryan of the Baltimore nine of 1874 says that he put out eleven players in the outfield, in a match between the Baltimore and Chicago Clubs. This is the highest on record.

PIVOT GUN, Norfolk.—We cannot give you particulars. It was done at Farley's Market, Philadelphia, for a wager of $200, George L. Tallman backing Cozzens and Mr. Farley putting his money on Time.

CLIPPER, St. Louis.—1. Yes, unless the theatre is licensed by the year. 2. All entertainments for which money is received, save lectures and some panoramas which are strictly works of art.

JOHN HICKEY, New Haven.—Billy Edwards and Tim Collins were to have fought at Cold Spring, L. I., May 24, 1871, but the police prevented the battle taking place. They contended next day, May 25, at East New York.

H. G., Fort Trumbull.—1. At ringt-un, an ace and a ten or a face card of any suit are a natural, and count twenty-one. 2. They need not be of the same suit, but they must be the first two cards dealt the player.

C. F. M.—1. Not upon record. 3 and 5. Apply at the companies' offices, and thus save time. 6. The fastest Sound steamer is the Rhode Island, but the fastest boat starting from an East River pier is the Seawanhaka.

F. G. S., Song Sing.—1. The Professional Association will meet in Philadelphia early in March. Send your communication, as to the rules, care of "Baseball editor, this office." 2. Send to Ed. James, as per advertisement.

M. E. S., Lewiston.—In the cricket matches played in England last year between the American baseball players and English teams the Americans were successful in all but one instance, when the game ended in a draw.

H. P. S.—Better come to an understanding as to what, for the purpose of that bet, constitutes a national holiday. Some people would claim that Washington's birthday was a holiday, for the two is entitled to it. The same rule applies if the die is between the pitcher and one or more others.

A CONSTANT READER, Harlem.—1. Mr. W. H. Francis, who can be addressed in care of this office, would write some for you. 2. A good talker, who has had much experience, could command from $50 to $75 per week and expenses.

R. W., Phila.—Not to lose. Phila.—Does not publish such personal allusions; the first has frequently been sent from various quarters, but we have always declined the same.

D. E. A., Lynchburg.—1. Your best plan would be to advertise for a situation. The pay averages the same with all those you mention. 2. First-class variety theatres are not so considered.

CAPT. SCOTT, Utica.—Olympus was the name of a celebrated mountain in Thessaly, Greece, of a chain of mountains, and a city in Lycia, and of another chain of mountains in Arkadia, Asia Minor.

CURLEY, Burlington.—If at whiskey poker all pass to the dealer, and he also declines to play, the widow, he must turn it up, whether he raps or not. After he raps, every man round is him has a pict.

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D. J. F., South Boston.—1. You are mistaken, Tim never having been known by that title. 2. Two knuckles of Edwards' left hand were injured and Collins' left eye was badly marked. Aside from this, neither was much hurt. 3. When they went to scale the day before they fought, Edwards weighed 125½ lbs. and Collins 122½ lb. 4. Send $2 to James Watson, Box 678, New York Post-office.

FIRKMAN, Baltimore.—1. No; it is Crane of the Silver Lake Club. 2. Several of the old Atlantics retired from baseball years ago. 2. Fire-alarm Box No. 32 is at northwest corner of Albany and Greenwich streets, and is answered on the first, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 rounds; 12, 13, 14 and 32, and Hook-and-ladder Companies 10 (nearest), 1, and 8.

A. A., Baltimore.—1. James Fisk Jr. was at first engaged in peddling notions from town to town, when he was but eighteen years of age. Some years later he entered the Boston drygoods house of Jordan, Marsh & Co., as clerk. 2. Loss, 2. 3. Cheques, where a player neglects to jump, his antagonist may either remove the offending piece from the board, or force the player to jump.

H. R., Terre Haute.—We know of no such work in both languages. It can be procured in German or in English separately. Either gives the names of the drugs in different languages. 3. The English will weigh 5 lbs. and the German about $15. Any large bookstore in your city can procure it for you.

L. B., Marlborough.—1. It is usually played 21 up, but sometimes 31, and even 41. 2. It counts for the holder. 3. *The Boston Herald* has at least three editions—one morning, and two evening—and perhaps more. 4. Albani was born at St. Hyacinthe, near Montreal. 5. Cyrille Dion has no billiard hall.

JOE B., Savannah.—It depends upon which is regarded as the highest military officer on the Illinois State list. November, viz., Superintendent of Public Instruction or Statetreasurer. The Republicans elected the latter by a plurality of 18,000, the opposition elected the former by a majority of 30,500.

T. G.—1. The city of New York was not under martial law during the war, although on July 14, 1863, Governor Seymour declared it in a state of insurrection during the draft riots. 2. On Sept. 15, 1863, President Lincoln issued a proclamation suspending the writ of habeas corpus, in sundry specified cases, throughout the United States.

DRUGS.—1. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC for 1875 is 15c. per copy. 2. Make application to any of the theatrical agents advertising in THE CLIPPER, and insert an advertisement in this paper, making your want known to the leaders of orchestras. The pay varies from about $25 to $40. 3. Get an engagement in a minor position with a regular company.

SIC.—During the year 1870 there had been nearly 9,000 more dwellings than New York and Boston combined. 2. Cramp & Son are probably the most extensive shipbuilders in this section of the country. 3. The fish question is foul. 4. There are rules for it, but it is not a legitimate game, and we prefer not to give any further publicity to it than we can help.

G. H. S., Utica.—It was the 43's, and not the 43's between them, win the pin and the studs, and can either throw off or make such other settlement as they please; and the two 12's, that being low, can come to some similar arrangement about the chain and charm. The two 41's are "betwixt and between."

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Novel race came off at Turners, Orange County, on Jan. 9, the contestants being a young Alderney bull and a Durham heifer over a course of 300 yards. The bull won by three lengths.....Col. West has sold his celebrated stallion Almont, the sire of Alley West, to Gen. W. T. Withers of Lexington, Ky., for $15,000. Almont was foaled in 1864, by Alexander's Abdallah out of a Mambrino Chief mare.....Mr. Charles Moore has been elected president, and Mr. P. Hess vice-president of the Columbus, O., Driving Park Association. The annual trotting meeting will be held in June, and the premium list will amount to $20,000.....At the recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Jockey Club, no action was taken on the application of the expelled steeplechase jockey, Hugh Gaffney, for reinstatement.....

KATIE PEASE BEATEN.
The Best Three-quarter-mile Time.

A large crowd assembled at the Oakland, Cal., track on the afternoon of Jan. 9, when a running race for a purse of $1,000—$600 to first, $250 to second, and $150 to third—a single dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages, came off. The starters were W. Patrick's ch. m. Katie Pease, 107lb; W. H. Van Garden's b. g. Chinaman, 111lb; C. B. Hoffman's Red Oak, 111lb; W. Pierce's b. m. Blanche Hull, 107lb; J. C. Stimpson's b. g. Lady Amanda, 101lb; C. Stimpson's Sorrel Ned, 114lb; W. Leigh's ch. h. Jordan, 114lb; and J. Halstead's b. g. Bullet Neck, 111lb. In the pools sold before the start Katie brought $100, Chinaman $50, Jordan $25, and the field sold for $30. Judges — W. H. Ellis, James Linfoot, Theo. Winters and John Hall. Timers—Henry White, G. E. Underhill and Chat. Lusk. *The Alta Californian* thus describes the contest: "The pole had been drawn by Katie Pease, with which advantage it was thought she would not lose the race; but when the tap-off was given she was not in as good motion and position as Sorrel Ned, Chinaman, Jordan and Bullet Neck, who ran in the lead to the end of the far turn, on going round which Katie was running fifth and sixth, until in the homestretch, where she cut loose for Ned, who was then in the lead. Chinaman observed the movement of the favorite, and with a rapidity heretofore unequaled on any race course by any racehorse, he took up the running with the mare and came up the stretch in less time than it can be told. At the drawgate Chinaman and Pease had passed all the others and were locked like a yoke of steers until just before going under the wire, when the little "cock" on Chinaman lifted and roweled his horse, to the advantage of a throat-latch only, at the finish. Red Oak had also done some time running, and gained for himself the position of a good third. Lady Amanda got a very poor start, but maintained a good position at the outcome. Red Oak had the outside at the start, and taking his chances into consideration, his run was a good one. At the conclusion, after reports of patrols, weighing, etc., the judges announced Chinaman the winner of the race and first money, Katie Pease second, and Ned third; time, 1:15¾, which is half a second better than the best previously made—that of Madge, 3 yrs, carrying 87lb., at Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 21, 1874.

TROTTING AT THE HIPPODROME.

Mr. Parnum has introduced a novel and attractive feature of sporting amusement in the weekly trotting matches extended over the winter season, on Thursday night, Jan. 14, the vast building was filled to overflowing to witness the second trotting race of the season; and so great was the crowd of eager sportscers that hundreds were turned away, unable to gain admission into the place. The purse offered for competition by the management was $300, for all horses, under saddle, mile and repeat; the winner receiving $150, second horse $100, and the third $50. There were originally seven entries, but the withdrawal of John Murphy's br. g. Joe Clark and John Rogers' bk. g. Uno reduced the field to five horses. These were Dan Castello's b. g. Dan Castello, H. Nodine's b. g. Lyman, J. Haslett's b. g. Sherman, Manee's b. g. Gideon, and L. Dahlman's b. g. Dan Hastings. Pools were sold on the race and between heats, just as is done on the trotting track, and three well-known turfmen—Messrs. J. D. Walton, W. Oakley and W. Johnson—were the judges of the race. Dan Castello was the favorite over the field at the rate of $100 to $80, Lyman being next in favor, and selling the second choice. The first heat was closely contested between Lyman and Dan Castello, the latter winning cleverly in 3:01½; Gideon, third, Dan Hastings fourth, and Sherman last. The second heat produced another close contest between the two favorites, Lyman winning in 3:05, with Castello second, Gideon third, and Sherman last. The third heat and race was won by Dan Castello in the improved time of 2:51; Sherman finishing second, Dan Hastings third, and Lyman fourth. The second money was awarded to Lyman, and the third to Sherman. All the horses trotted quietly around the track after the race, and their riders received loud applause. The owner of the winner being unwilling to accept the purse his horse had won, the money was equally divided among the other contestants. It is a sensible condition of these races, that the winner of any purse cannot become a competitor in any succeeding contest. Even regular trotting turfmen take great interest in these exciting Hippodrome contests, and their popularity is rapidly increasing among the general public.

BASEBALL.

THE PHILADELPHIA CLUB AVERAGES.

The Philadelphia Club team of 1874 played fifty-eight championship games, of which twenty-nine were won and an equal number lost, and 476 runs scored to their opponents' 428. The Philadelphias won one game of twelve innings with the Hartfords, and two of ten innings each with the Hartfords and Chicagos. Other memorable victories were the 2-0 game with the Mutuals, the 10-0 and 23-1 games with the Atlantics, and the 13-0 game with the Baltimores. The following is a table of the batting and fielding averages of the Philadelphias in these 58 championship records, Craver taking the lead at the bat, while his fielding average is remarkably good, Holdsworth and Eggler have also batted well and fielded finely. Hicks' fielding average is unusually large. The respective standing of the others may be seen by the following table:

	Games.	*Av'ge B. H.*	*Av'ge O.*	*Av'ge A.*
Craver, 2d b	55	1.78	3.38	2.50
Holdsworth, s s.	57	1.70	1.60	1.66
Eggler, c. f.	57	1.60	2.41	0.11
Radcliff, r f.	23	1.34	1.90	0.80
Hicks, c.	58	1.37	4.61	1.24
Fulmer, 3d b.	57	1.26	1.73	3.02
Reid, 1st b.	57	1.24	11.06	0.14
Fabor, r f.	16	1.18	0.80	0.00
York, l f.	49	1.02	3.12	0.18
Mack, 1st b.	57	0.92	9.15	0.18
Cummings, p.	54	0.92	0.44	1.47

A GAME ON THE ICE.

The return game on the ice, between tens selected by Barnie and Bunce of the Nassau Club of Brooklyn, took place on Saturday, Jan. 16, at Prospect Park, on the frozen snow surface of the large lake. The sides being more evenly chosen, a better game was the result, Barnie's side winning by one run only. Should the ice be in condition, a game will be played at the same place every Saturday this Winter. Bur-dock pitched on one side, and Cassidy on the other. The score is as follows:

BUNCE'S SIDE.	R.	I B.	PO.	A.	BARNIE'S SIDE.	R.	I B.	PO.	A.
Burdock, p.	1	1	2	3	Cassidy, p.	1	0	1	2
Flanp, 2 b.	0	0	1	0	Dodge, 1 b.	1	0	3	0
Raynor, l f.	1	0	0	0	Barnie, c.	1	0	4	1
Kelly, s b.	2	2	3	0	Palmer, 3 b.	1	1	1	0
Dunn, c.	1	0	8	0	Quinn, s s.	1	0	2	1
Reddy, r f.	0	0	0	0	Speiman, c f.	1	0	1	0
Crouch, c f.	1	0	0	0	Bassett, 2 b.	1	1	3	0
Myer, r s.	0	0	0	0	Lister, r s.	0	0	0	0
Chat, 1st b.	0	0	0	0	Gowgas, a s.	0	0	0	0
Crosby, 1 b.	1	1	1	0	Campbell, l f.	0	1	0	0
McLoughlin, 1.	0	0	0	0	Nelson, l f.	0	0	0	1
	7	4	15	3		7	5	15	5

Bunce's side	3	2	2	0—7
Barnie's side	1	1	0	0—8

Umpire, Mr. Chadwick. Time of game, 1h. 10m.

THE CINCINNATI CLUB.—The fraternity generally will be glad to learn that Cincinnati is awake to the necessity of having a professional team in the field next season. Her ballplayers say that they have played second fiddle in baseball to Chicago and other Western cities long enough, and now they intend to "go for the other fellows" in 1875, with a view of winning the grand centennial pennant with the gold ball in 1876. In other words, Cincinnati is to have another Red Stocking nine in 1875, under the captaincy of Charley Gould; and players not engaged in other professional nines could not do better than to write to Charley at his residence, 360 Richmond street, Cincinnati. Charley is posted, is intelligent and experienced, and, being a gentleman, is just the man to lead the Cincinnati Club. There is nothing to prevent him getting a good team together for 1875, and a regular stunning ten for 1876. Cincinnati held the honors in 1869, and why should she not strive for them in 1876, if not this coming season? There are plenty of tip-top players in the Queen City, and Gould is the man to make a good selection. Besides, the Louisville Eagles are screaming at Cincinnati, and that won't do. There will be hot times in the West this season if Cincinnati joins the crowd out there.

NOTES.—The committee of the Philadelphia Council last week agreed to disagree on reporting an ordinance leasing to the Centennial Baseball Club the old Parade Ground, back of the County Prison..... Treacy and Booth go to the Mutuals next season, so it is reported.....*The Philadelphia Mercury* says that Hatfield and Holdsworth have been engaged by the Athletics.....The new professional club at New Haven, Ct., is to be a stock organization, with a capital of $3,000, in shares of $25 each. The railroad company, upon whose line the proposed grounds are situated, have subscribed to the stock, as have also many other parties. The Yale College nine will give the professionals plenty of practice.

THE LOUISVILLE EAGLES.—These gentlemanly baseball birds have recently been photographed while in full feathers; and, glancing at the intelligent group of countenances the picture presents, and the fine physique indicated, no one would be surprised to learn that they were the champion ball-tossers of old Kentucky, or that they had won so many creditable victories as their season's record shows they did. The nine includes Messrs. Osborne, R. McDonald, Muir, Tournan, Houston, Bayless, Boro, Badley, and A. McDonald. Mr. W. C. Coleman is the president, and George Bayless captain of this first class amateur team.

THE CHELSEA CLUB of Brooklyn, L. I., is now officered thus: President, George Cabble; vice president, R. Rule; secretary, Bigelow Meeker; treasurer, William West; directors—N. Hourigan, Thos. Cassidy, Wm. West, Herbert Simmons, and George Cabble. All communications should be addressed to the secretary, No. 246 Grand street, Williamsburg, L. I.

W. J. ST. LAWRENCE, secretary of the Olympic Club, Paterson, N. J., informs us that they are in need of a good pitcher and catcher for 1875, one of them able to captain a nine. Mr. Lawrence says the Olympics will have the largest and finest inclosed grounds in the State, and will commence play as early as practicable.

A LETTER addressed "To the president or director of the New Haven Baseball Club," and also one for "The directors of the Elm City Baseball Club," are in our care.

FAT LONG AND TOM NICHOLAS—two of the best shuffleboard players in Philadelphia—visited Wilmington, Del., on the 14th inst., for the purpose of playing a match with Trainer and Ryan. The Philadelphians were the favorites in the betting at long odds, but were defeated after an exciting contest, Trainer and Ryan winning the first, third, fourth and seventh games, by the respective scores of 21 to 20, 21 to 20, 21 to 19 and 21 to 18; Long and Nicholas winning three games, by scores of 21 to 18, 21 to 13, and 21 to 19.

A FOOT-RACE, one hundred yards, for $300 a side, came off at San Antonio, Texas, Jan. 8, between Dick Bird and Ira Jenkins, the former winning by eight feet.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for Thos. K. Mane.

TRIGGER.

SWEEPSTAKES SHOOTING.
Amateurs vs. Professionals.

Notwithstanding the intense cold on Friday, Jan. 15, there was a strong muster of the admirers of pigeon-shooting at the Long Island Shooting Club Grounds near the Union Course, to witness sweepstakes and match shooting. The first event was a match for $200 between J. P. Robertson of Brooklyn and W. McFall of Flatbush, at 21 single birds, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, and 1¼oz. shot; to five traps, and handle for each other out of the same lot of birds, and the Long Island Shooting Club rules to govern. The match resulted in a tie, each killing 15 birds; the principals then agreed to shoot it off at three birds each, when they again made a tie; and having exhausted their own lot of birds, the contest was postponed until Friday, Jan. 22, when the stakes will be doubled, and 21 additional birds will be shot at by each party. We give the score:

J. P. Robertson.....	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1—10 out of 21
Walter McFall.....	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0—15 out of 21

THE TIE.

J. P. Robertson, 2½yds.	1	0	0—1 out of 3
W. McFall, 2½yds.	0	0	1—1 out of 3

The next event was a grand sweepstakes shooting contest, in which several of the crack professional shots of the country were arrayed against amateurs. The entrance money was $25 each, at 25 birds, 25yds rise, 80yds boundary, and 1¼oz. shot; English rules to govern. There were twelve entries, and the money was divided into $150 to the first, $75 to the second, $50 to the third, and $25 to the fourth. The contestants, with the guns they shot with, were as follows: William Carson, Philadelphia, breech-loader, 10 bore; Richard Woods, Philadelphia, muzzle-loader, 9 bore; Joseph Jakob, Philadelphia, muzzle-loader, 9 bore; Moses Bavlis, Brooklyn, breech-loader, 10 bore; W. E. Berger, Brooklyn, muzzle-loader, 10 bore; Ira A. Paine, New York, breech-loader, 12 bore; Moses Meyers, Newark, breech-loader, 10 bore; Frank Klein, Philadelphia, breech-loader, 10 bore; Walter Ireland, Brooklyn, breech-loader, 10 bore; Scudder Hart, Trenton, breech-loader, 10 bore; Miles Johnson, Yardville, breech-loader 10 bore; Edward Martin, Rahway, breech-loader, 10 bore; and Thomas Broadway, New York, breech-loader, 10 bore. Owing to the intense cold, the gathering of the birds was a matter of difficulty; the ground being a sheet of ice and frozen snow. The professionals were outshot from the start by their amateur competitors, the latter carrying off all the prizes. Mr. Hart, who killed 22 out of 25, won the first prize, $150; Mr. Woods the second prize, $75, with 21 killed out of 25; while Messrs. Klein and Ireland divided the third and fourth money, having each scored 20 out of 25. Of the professionals Miles Johnson scored 19, Ira Paine 15, Moses Myers 14, and W. Carson 11. Mr. W. Parks acted as referee. Appended is the score.

Hart.....	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	—Killed 22, missed 3
Woods.....	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	—Killed 21, missed 4
Klein.....	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	—Killed 21, missed 4
Ireland.....	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	—Killed 20, missed 5
Johnson.....	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	—Killed 19, missed 6
Bergen.....	1	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	—Killed 19, missed 6
Broadway.....	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	—Killed 19, missed 6
Meyers.....	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	—Killed 14, missed 7
Bavlis.....	0	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	—Killed 13, missed 7
Paine.....	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	—Killed 13, missed 7
Carson.....	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	—Killed 11, missed 9
Martin.....	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	1	0	—Killed 11, missed 9

AQUATIC.

CLUB ELECTIONS.—The East Boston (Mass.) Yacht Club at their annual meeting chose the following gentlemen: Commodore, S. S. Goodwin; vice-commodore, G. Morgan; fleet captain, J. Pierce; recording secretary, F. W. Pellitt; financial secretary, F. Burnham; treasurer, C. Loring; chief steward, C. C. Cooper; assistant, G. W. Dyer; measurers, W. McCormick and M. J. Dolan; trustees, M. Callahan, W. McCormick and Charles Rice.....On Jan. 7 the Mitchell Rowing Club of Milwaukee, Wis., elected the following officers: President, C. Simonds; vice-president, A. C. Jones; secretary, T. Burke; treasurer, G. T. Hooley; financial secretary, E. Knight; commodore, E. Oliver; vice-commodore, James Neil; directors—A. Hooley, E. J. Lipps and G. D. Bellows.....The officers of the Minnetonka Yacht Club for 1875 are: Commodore, G. L. Babb; vice-commodore, C. S. Purinton; fleet-commander, C. H. Clifford; secretary, W. E. Neal; treasurer, Henry W. Marks; measurer, J. M. Taylor; trustees—S. J. Roney, Q. A. Townes and T. Bowns; regatta committee—E. C. Neal, G. F. Thorndike, Frank L. Earl, F. C. Hoyt and C. H. Clifford.....The Ulysses Boat Club of Ithaca, N. Y., elected the following officers on Jan. 13: President, Chas. G. Saxe; captain, W. H. Orslup; treasurer, Wm. Wood; secretary, Chas. H. Tyler; executive committee—W. R. Benedict, A. N. Belcher, and M. H. Hamlin.

COMMODORE HARRY HYATT, a gentleman well known in yachting, trigger, and ring circles in the city of Brotherly Love, where he has resided all his life, has been tendered a complimentary testimonial, which will take place at Enochs' Variety Theatre, corner Eleventh and Wood streets, that city, on Thursday evening, Feb. 4. In addition to the customary performance, the entertainment will embrace sparring and other athletic exercises by first-class men.

THE ATALANTA BOAT CLUB held their annual election last week, with the following result: President, Ransom Parker Jr., re-elected; vice-president, Wm. H. Webster, re-elected; treasurer, H. S. Sproul; secretary, Jas. Fryer; financial secretary, G. Doak; logkeeper, R. S. Orcutt; trustees—F. H. Clark, Phil. Benjamin, R. S. Orcutt, A. B. Cross, and J. B. Homer; captain, J. E. Eustis.

THE NARRAGANSETT BOAT CLUB of Providence, R. I., elected the following officers at a meeting held Jan. 7: President, Arthur F. Dexter; captain, secretary, and treasurer, Chas. W. Smith; lieutenant, Frank A. Sheldon; directors—Robt. S. Beckwith and Arthur Knight.

TEXAS GIFT CONCERT ASSOCIATION.—Remember that you cannot always have a chance of securing a fortune for $1. Those wishing to invest could not do better than to try a ticket in the Texas Gift Concert Association, which gives away $50,000 for $1, or many other valuable prizes.—*Milwaukee* (Wis.) *Sentinel.*

A SKATING MATCH for a pair of bracelets, distance one mile, with a turn, came off on the Passaic River, at Newark, N. J., Jan. 16, between Misses Effie Greenvault, Jennie Marencck and Sadie Burke, the first-named winning by about two feet, in 4:07.

SKATING.—Excellent skating was enjoyed at the Park lakes and other resorts up to Sunday, the ball being up everywhere. On Wednesday there is to be the first and only fancy-dress skating carnival of the season at the Capitoline Lake, Brooklyn.

AMUSEMENTS.

HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE,
BROOKLYN. SECOND WEEK.
CROWDED HOUSES! DELIGHTED AUDIENCES.
CALLENDER'S FAMOUS
GEORGIA MINSTRELS.
GEORGIA Billy Kersands, Dick Little, Jere. Simmons
GEORGIA Alf Smith, P. Devonear, Sam Hague
GEORGIA Lucas, Billy Wilson, Grace, A. Hague
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GEORGIA the OLD FAVORITES in their MINSTRELS
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MR. JOHN H. JACK.—I MUST HAVE an immediate settlement for my play "Wife of Two." If you had lost the manuscript, as you alleged, why have you been playing it again. FRED G. MAEDER.
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OLIVE LOGAN IN SURF.
BRILLIANT SUCCESS
WITH
WIRT SIKES' NEW VERSION OF
SURF;
OR,
SUMMER SCENES AT LONG BRANCH.
FROM THE WASHINGTON REPUBLICAN, Jan. 13.
Mr. Wirt Sikes has provided Miss Logan with two strong and unique parts which by her clever personation is remarkable manner. The Mrs. Nobble of "Surf" as it was originally played when produced in New York and Philadelphia, was a frivolous and flippant lady, addicted to flirtation. The Mrs. Nobble of the recasted play is a high-bred lady, with a brilliant mind, capable of sparkling repartee, but also capable of uttering noble and inspiring sentiments, and of performing the most generous acts. She does not indulge in flirtation nor frivolity, but is the good genius of the piece, and everybody's friend. The other character which Mr. Sikes has written for Miss Logan is a wily, sleek, browed, shoulder-shrugging French woman, gay in a tire and the centre of an admiring circle of fast young men, playing castle around which flutters the vapid moth, Mr. Smasher, buried in shabby shines. This Mlle. Veroni she is in league with Varney, the villain of the play, in a scheme to steal Mrs. Noble's child, for certain financial purposes of their own. The interviews between these two schemers are conducted with skill and effect in the midst of the kaleidoscopic whirl of Long Branch characters constantly pervading the scene. Miss Logan assumes admirably the two characters, and in each individualizes with great force and vivid individuality to each. The changes of dress she goes through in the course of the play are no fewer than thirteen, compelled by the exigencies of the action. Such splendor of toilet is rarely seen on the stage or off, and it is not likely that anything finer ever left the workshops of Worth.
FROM THE WASHINGTON CHRONICLE, Jan. 13.
"Surf" in its new shape has been reconstructed by a skillful hand—that of Wirt Sikes, Esq., a gentleman honorably known in literary circles. The play as it now is has a strong and deeply interesting plot, and abounds with striking situations, laughter-provoking features, and droll episodes. Miss Logan plays her difficult parts in a manner to stamp her as an actress of rare ability, and is the life and soul of the piece. The house will doubtless be crowded during the entire week.

OPEN: First week in February and last week in March. ADDRESS: 55 West Ninth st., N. Y. City. 43-1t

THE SHAUGRAUN WALTZ,
composed of Irish melodies by Thomas Baker. Published with photograph of the composer, either Miss Jeffreys Lewis, Mr. H. J. Montague, or Mr. Dion Boucicault. Price 60cts.
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TO HICKS' ORIGINAL
GENTLEMEN.—Owing to the sudden death of my mother, I regret very much that I was unable to open with you; but I will join you as soon as I settle my home affairs. So rest easy, gentlemen, for I mean biz, and I NEVER GO BACK ON MY WORD.
Yours truly,
THOS. A. CRUSOE.
P. S.—Your token was received and highly appreciated. 43-1t*

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in McCloskey's last and greatest play
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PLAYS, LECTURES, ETC.,
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NOTICE TO MANAGERS.
Having understood that N. C. Brady has been representing himself as my agent, I take this method of informing the profession at large that he is not my agent, and I hold a warrant for his arrest; and I respectfully warn the profession against him.

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only three years old, PYRAMID OF BOTTLES.
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COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN'S
DRAMATIC AGENCY.
In the next issue of THE CLIPPER (dated January 30) I shall present a list of such individuals who are in my debt for engagements and borrowed money (to get from one town to another), also such managers as have deducted my commission money from artists and appropriated

BY-WORDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

There are many odd sayings going about—
The "by-words" in slang of the day—
It's "never take water," but always "swim out;"
And if the "racket is fine," "you'll drop to the lay."
There is many a "fly-man" in "shabby togs,"
And his "kick" are not fit to be seen,
Who has "carried the banner" through many a fog,"
Since his "lucre has gone down the stream."

There is many a "snide" who is "fly in his mind,"
And his "boodle" he keeps down in his "kick;"
He "will charm" from all the friends he can find,
But never "flash a case" or "deal a square trick;"
But men who are "solid," "bang up," "first-class,"
Who have "roughed it," and in "battle have stood,"
I'm sure will not have such a thin little pass,
But agree and pronounce him "no good."

I know how it is, I've been there myself—
I've "anchored all night on the street"—
But I've never had friends yet "call me a cow,"
For the "unusual lack of a treat."
But now, kind friends, I must bid you adieu,
Hoping I've pleased, for I am sure I have tried;
Mind—never act "snide," or do what you will rue,
And you'll "never have nothing to hide."

Poughkeepsie, N. Y. C. H. B.

GOBLIN GRIZZLY
OF THE INVISIBLE GAP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ZEKEL ALLSPICE.

Possibly there are many individuals who have been reared and have arrived to years of maturity in this fast-growing city who never formed an acquaintance with the hero of our narrative; but we knew him, as also did our friends and our friends' friends, and in fact a circle of humanity which continually increased in circumference to benefit a high-toned, voluble, persevering, and confidential personage, who represented the world as his oyster, and was always on the *borrow*. Those dark-browed Hebrews who spotled the Egyptians in the days of Pharoah of the hard heart, by borrowing all their jewelry, which they never meant to return, did not *finesse* things with more consummate skill than our friend, who was well known throughout the environs of the city as "The Governor." We remember, though it was but yesterday, the first time he touched our sympathetic vein with a heartrending appeal for the loan of ten shillings to help bury his grandfather. He told us, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, that henceforth his life was a chaos—"for the day of his destiny was over and the star of his glory declined," ever since the gentlemanly old buffer, through a severe attack of the measles and cutting his third set of teeth, was obliged to cash in his checks—poor but pious, and "sensible to the last."

Our hero hailed from a State which, if legends are true, is not a whit larger than Finn McCool's pocket-handkerchief must have been, barring the border; but history defines it as a cheerful spot, and the soil has never failed to produce a fair crop of peculiar men; and one of the healthiest sprouts we ever knew was "The Governor." His quotations from stage plays were innumerable, and he usually wound up an argument with "Success to the immortal Bill, the grandest old fakir of 'em all; and maybe the royal nibbs is in this very moment a-dying of us from somewhere or another. *Et tu Brute*, ha, ha!"

"The Governor" was partial to the drama, and avowed h s firm belief in ghosts. When asked How can you prove there are such ugly things a-squirming 'round? he used to reply: "I have got a sure thing on it, for a ghost used to board with me for a week, and I don't think he ever would have left if the landlady had not provided bob-veal every day for dinner, and worked the fragments up into a healthy hash in the mornings. No square ghost could stand such treatment long, and I heard him remark one day, in a placid and gentlemanly manner: 'Quality-folks boarding-houses are not my style; and if this bob-veal hash continues, I shall be reduced to a shadow,' which was simmering things down to a mighty fine point. Bob-veal hash! Take any favor but that—William turns trump again, ha, ha!"

At this period "The Governor's" throne was the front seat of a hackney-coach, and Julian St. Pierre or Don Cæsar de Bazan, with all the borrowed plumage of either, undersized his manner and lofty bearing at least a head and shoulders. The sarcastic remark of the former: "Here take I my seat upon the palace steps, although they hang me from the gallows," was insipid eloquence, which never charmed the hearts of the baggage-smashers at Pier No. 3 half so much as "The Governor's" "Carriage, sir?" "This way, fair madam." "At your service, miss." "Make room for the Colonel," "Spanking team, sir." "Astor House, St. Nicholas. Be quiet, Childers—Eclipse, you are barking your oats, you are." "Drive you anywhere, and leave it to your own generosity." "All aboard. Ta-ta, dirty-face. So long, Robin. Yanks are trumps. Astor House, Harlem route. Meet me at the barley-mow. Give 'em their heads, my nibbs of York." And away sped the ancient hack at the Eclipse and Childers pace of four miles an hour.

In his coach-driving days "The Governor" was partial to white hats and red waistcoats, and sage and sober citizens pronounced his garments of the flashflashy; yet his toilet never clung to a firm base, but was as variable as the clouds of summer. One day you beheld him arrayed in a Spanish wrapper, patent-leather boots, and an embroidered shirt as white as the lilies that neither toil nor spin; and before a week rolled around a most wonderful metamorphosis would take place. The Spanish wrapper would be changed to a linen duster, the boots to veritable hand-me-downs, and the spotless shirt for one of the hickory flash, on which the most benevolent of pawnbrokers would disdain to advance the nominal sum of eighteen-pence.

The smartest sports, however, were obliged to acknowledge that under the most circumstances "The Governor" never lost his grip. When reduced to the last stage of seediness, and with his pockets "as empty as a cuckoo's nest in March," his spirits were always cheerful, and in grandiloquent style he would declaim on the affairs of the White House and the splendid reception of our Ambassador at the Court of St. James. Sometimes he would branch off into astronomy, as we heard him one night in front of a restaurant on Broadway.

"Zekel," said he, "you can bet your bottom dollar that I am at peace with all mankind, though there hasn't been a grain of corn in Egypt since yesterday morning." "The Governor," you were, and *Et tu Brute* is *pisme* for money. "But what do I care for filthy lucre? Does the bloated aristocrat enjoy those beautiful stars which twinkle in yonder horizon more than my royal nibship who owns a principality in the moon? which philosophers have recently proved is not composed of green cheese, but of which I have dined an hour ago. Dost thou behold that unrelenting demon in a white apron, his hyperion curls parted in the middle like Mademoiselle Thingummy's in the beautiful drama of 'What's-it's-name?'—and those curls flavored with Phalon's Night-blooming Cereus, his waxed mustaches marvelous workmanship, and the best pure Coney Island gold; his slender hands, white as the snow Old Boreas puffs from the icy chambers of the North, adorned with an Alaska diamond worth twenty shillings in the rough—would you behold it, Zekel? If so, that thin-haired, hollow-hearted sarcoon, that chevalier of the knife-and-fork brigade, whose ideas, even at their brightest, have never soared above 'Dumplings, both kinds,' or 'West Broadway with the hair off,' refused in words of bitter and withering scorn to trust me, the curbstone luminary of the period, for a ten-cent 'plate of ripe-and-beans?' 'And here I stand to tell it,' cold, naked, hungry and athirst'—not the genial Shake precisely, 'but very like a whale, ha, ha!'"

Three days later "The Governor" shone resplendent in white kids, and patronized the sunny side of Fifth avenue. His hat, boots, coat, vest and pants were all new, and of the choicest material, and when an acquaintance inquired, "Governor, how do you do it?" he placed his finger alongside of his nose, and said:

"Confidence, my dear fellow. Damon found his Pythias. There is plenty of corn in Egypt. Henceforth the star of destiny revolves around the Occidental splendor. Adieu, my Alcibiades." Here the tears trembled in "The Governor's" eyes. "But first leave us a lock of your hair to physic the rodents, and be sure and give my compliments to your ma. Spookshave for short, ha, ha!"

Such an aspiring genius as "The Governor" was bound to shine in almost any phase of society, and we were not astonished one day to hear that Childers and Eclipse had been transferred to the horse-market, where, after considerable chaff, they became the property of an enterprising sawdust peddler at the facetious sum of five shillings per head, and we never learned that our hero received no more calls, save from the callboy of the legitimate drama, and he was doing general utility in the flourishing city of Louisville. There is a story rife among the profession that his engagement was very short, he having one night in the play of "Othello" ventured to the leading tragedian, at the remark "Which one of you has lived too long?" to shoot the man who blew the trombone in the orchestra, whose bald head was a target not to be sneezed at under the circumstances. "The Governor," when he related the incident, said he never knew that the trombone was a delicate instrument, and hurled with such lightning velocity from the back-door of a theatre into the middle of the street.

"You see, Edwin was cranky; and when an artist is troubled with the gout, it seldom tickles him to receive the wrong cue."

We believe this was "The Governor's" last appearance in the temple of Thespis; but we have undoubted proof that in the Spring of 1852 he made a stump speech to five thousand people in San Francisco, and his quaint humor, as the trite saying goes, elicited the most unbounded applause.

Money was plenty at this date, and as "The Governor" was a general favorite with the Boston and New York boys, he lived in clover. He dressed in elegant style, and Beau Brummel in his palmiest days never had a crowd of more admiring followers. No ball, party, or boat-race was thought the precise thing unless he was invited to participate, and many gentlemen with sporting proclivities thought it was an especial favor to loan money to a high-toned, voluble, and fascinating an individual. Once, however, he came near making a mistake, having borrowed ten dollars from a person famed for pugilistic science, and who considered that money loaned should be repaid as a matter of business. Someone informed the delinquent editor of the manly art that "The Governor" was "a square bilk," and that he would never view the color of his money again, to which he responded:

"If he don't fork over the spondulicks the first time we meet, I am agoing to split his horn."

"The Governor" heard of the threat, but took no pains to escape the wrath of the man of nerve. When they did finally meet, in front of the Occidental Hotel, several lookers-on in the distance calmly awaited the promised overture. There was no chance to miss "The Governor's" nose, for it was of the Duke of Wellington class, and, besides, he was a very indifferent sparrer. Angry words seemed to pass between them at first on the part of the pugilist, while "The Governor" appeared to be striving to conciliate him in an humble and deferential manner. Then the latter drew a white handkerchief from his pocket, and the magnetized audience in the distance heard him sob aloud. Wonderful to relate, the pugilist offered him the right hand of fellowship, and followed suit. The crowd were puzzled, but the story must have been very affecting; for, after wiping his eyes, he who had recently been thirsting for vengeance was seen to pass several greenbacks over to the broken-hearted "Governor." Then each took separate ways. When the pugilist was asked why he changed his tactics, he replied:

"You don't suppose I was going to plug a man who was raising a subscription to bury his poor old grandfather, who had just cashed in with the measles? If I was a buffer, I've got a heart, and I loaned him ten dollars more; but he is too good a talker for me, and I am afraid if I meet him again he will have all the money I've got."

Many a time that poor old grandfather who cashed in with the measles had helped "The Governor" out of a tight place.

Necessity compels us, while giving a true narrative, to relate that our hero was an admirer of the ladies, and no one ever gave him credit for acting the part of a Joseph. The city of San Francisco in 1852 bore a strong reputation for immorality, as regards the seventh command of the decalogue. Spite of the admonitions of Solomon to beware of strange women, many a Circe and Aspasia spread their toils to entrap the unwary miner and rob him of his hard-earned gains; and the most prominent *maison de joie* was kept by a sharp-featured and bony Hecate, who bore the equivocal *nomme de plume* of Peg-leg Kate. If this personage had ever possessed any traits of beauty or comeliness, it must have been at a period lost in the mazes of antiquity. To anyone not posted in the acts of history, she would have passed current, without demur or argument, as the relict of a buccaneer who fought under Morgan at Panama. A white swelling was the cause of her title—that unfortunate disease having some twenty years previously nearly shuffled off her mortal coil, rendering a wooden leg an imperative necessity if she wanted to get on in the world. While pitying her misfortune, we are obliged to state that her morals needed the strongest kind of mending. No miner ever visited her house but left it a sadder and wiser man, for he was sure to be robbed of his last dollar. Too shrewd to be caught by the police in any direct act of robbery, she seemed for a time impregnable, and set law and order at defiance. As many of the boys owed her a lasting grudge, they determined to get even, and they hit upon "The Governor" to carry out their plans.

At this period stories were promulgated on the streets of San Francisco of gold bluffs and surface-washings yielding interested parties an income of from five to ten thousand dollars a day. True, these Ophir spots were something like the little joker when manipulated by supple fingers, and those who had the will and determination to investigate such pleasant tales in every instance found that they had been lured by a chimera as false as a mirage, and as fleeting as the golden cup that fairy philosophy tells us is found at the base of the rainbow. Peg-leg Kate scouted the wonderful stories floating around. but could not, one evening, help hearing a conversation, that was carried on in her parlor by several sports of the period, concerning the wealth, good fortune, and lavish generosity of "The Governor."

"And who may he be, Good-looking?" inquired Kate of a member of the company who seemed posted as regarded particulars.

"What! never heard of 'The Governor?'" said the party addressed. "Why, Catherine, you astonish me! He is the only son of the Governor of Honduras, as rich as a prince, and as gay as they make 'em—throws his money around with a perfect looseness; but it is easy enough for a fellow to do that when he is born with a gold spoon in his mouth. Such poor devils as me have to take a back seat when he is in the ring. Never buys less than a basket at a time, and I did hear that when he was on a 'tear,' one night, he presented everyone of Madame Banghard's girls with a diamond ring and a gold watch."

There were gall and wormwood in this intelligence, for Madam Banghard was in the same line of business as Kate, and there was a bitter enmity between them. There was some show of probability in what the individual addressed as Good-looking stated as regarded "The Governor," for persons who were highly favored by fortune often made fools of themselves in San Francisco in 1852; but Kate was suspicions of a sell, and vented her doubts in such elegant repartees as "I'm fly. Catch a weasel asleep, Good-looking. Stow your chaff for the joshkins!" And warming at the thought of her being made game of, she concluded with: "D—n it! I believe there is any such puason as 'The Governor.'"

"Madam, I assure you that all I have said is strictly true. The gentleman I speak of is the wonder of the town—a little eccentric in his habits, perhaps, but elegant, refined and dignified. I said eccentric; but I don't know of any law to prevent a man's believing in ghosts, and I reckon if he is a thoroughbred in every other particular."

"Believes in ghosts, hey?" said Peg, intensely interested. "Well, I don't. There aint an ounce of kingdom-come stock in this market. Seem to have heard on spooks when I was a young 'un, and my pa run a whaling line from Nantucket to Tombigbee. Must have a soft spot in his upper works, I reckon. Not likely to carry on any kind of business in such a state of mind, Good-looking."

"He is known as the silent partner in the great American quartz mill of Holdfast, Gripup & Co.; and I understand his average share in goldDust has often reached as high as twenty-five ounces a day. But there is no need of his following any business. His father is rich enough to buy up the Mariposa claim."

"Good-looking," said Kate emphatically, "if you will scoop in 'The Governor' and bring him around to this establishment, I'll treat the crowd to the best basket of wine in my house."

"I will endeavor to do so to oblige you, madam; but, remember, he is very high-toned and eccentric. Never carries less than ten thousand dollars with him in dust, to guard against accidents; but I am inclined to think his odd fancies will discommode you."

"If he slings his money around loose, I'll stand all the ghosts he can scare up. So stick to your bargain, and I'll double the treat."

Peg-leg Kate had the most cheerful ideas of being ten thousand dollars ahead in less than two weeks, and the boys performed their parts as perfectly as good actors in a first-class comedy. A quantity of brass filings were procured from the nearest foundry, and several buckskin bags, such as the miners used to store their surplus gold in the dust prior to transportation to the Mint. In the mouth of one of the bags there was an ounce of genuine gold, but all the rest were imitations to the core. Kate, who was keen on an immoral traffic with the miners, she owned a strong safe, wherein she kept her treasures, and had also patent scales that would weigh any amount of dust, from five dollars to a thousand. At the corner of the street she had dealings with a broker who assayed the dust that came into her possession, and she always knew the price it would bring at the Mint.

San Francisco knew no gayer team than the one which halted in front of Kate's hospitable mansion on the following day after her compact with Good-looking. The footman and driver shone resplendent in livery that would have done honor to the son of the genuine Governor of Honduras; and the hero of the hour, togged from head to heel, as live lions were in his birthday, was accompanied by three as gay sports as ever took a trick at short cards or a sharp crack at the "tiger." Kate, like a wary old spider watching for an innocent fly, was peering from the parlor blinds when the coach drove up, and she was greatly impressed with "The Governor's" lofty and grandiloquent style. She heard his command:

"Drive back to the stable, boys. Treat yourselves to the best dinner the hotel affords. Open a basket of Heidsick to drink my health, and tell the landlord to charge it in the bill, and I, by-boys, please to inform Holdfast & Gripup to bank my share of the profits until they hear from me. So long," and the carriage whirled away as the Governor rang the bell.

Peg-leg Kate hastened to the door herself, meanwhile soliloquizing:

"That light-headed fellow is sure to pan out at the rate of a thousand dollars a day."

"The Governor's" reception was simply palatial, and he made a thorough conquest of the landlady when he said:

"Madam, I am having a bit of a lark, and you will oblige me very much by depositing a few thousand dollars' worth of golddust, which I have with me, in your safe."

A few thousand dollars to carry on a bit of a lark! Here was a pigeon worth the plucking, and Kate thumped around the room taking thoroughly gratified, at the same time declaring that everything in her establishment was at "The Governor's" service.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, my ancient charmer of the pre-Adamite age, for you must have been a modest and gushing maiden about the period the pedestrian(s) amused unsophisticated nature by warbling the 'Star-spangled Banner' to the music of the iguandon; and would you please to oblige me with the loan of a spoon?"

Kate was rather nonplussed at this strange address, but she hastened to comply with the request. She did not dream for a moment that he was chaffing her, for his face was as immovable as the Pygmalion statues. She said:

"He may talk as much Greek as he likes; but when I have that ten thousand dollars' worth of dust in my safe, I have got a sure thing on him, and he can't help himself. And a pedestrian-you-call it, am I? Won't I make him smart if it happens to be something of color!"

A spoon was brought, and from one of the bags (the one which contained the genuine gold) "The Governor" carefully skimmed off a small quantity, which he handed over to Kate with the request to have the broker at the corner test its quality. She was only too glad to perform so pleasant a task, and in a few moments she returned highly elated. The gold was the purest in the market, and he was willing to purchase any quantity equally fine at eighteen dollars per ounce. "The Governor" said he would consider his proposition, but he did not care to sell at present, as he had a large order from the firm of Fleecem & Flyaway, eminent New York jewelers, who were manufacturing a tea-service for the Khan of Tartary.

"Each of these bags, Madam, contains the modest sum of a thousand dollars. Oblige me by taking possession of the collateral; and when I leave, you can deduct my bill from the sum total. 'I 'gin to be weary of the day,' and fain would take a snooze—William and original, ha, ha!"

Peg-leg Kate began to feel a little uneasy. Perhaps the boys were playing a trick on her, and "The Governor," instead of being eccentric, was a genuine lunatic, and the law might reach her rather roughly for despoiling him of his property. No matter—'in for a penny, in for a pound;" and she would if he would not like to be introduced to the ladies.

"Hast thou a String of Pearls, Coral Lips or Heart's Delight among the number that walk in thy celestial train? No! thou hast not. Such were the pride of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid's harem, and meaner beauties touch not the tender sympathies of my gushing heart. Ah, my charmer, Cale was a trump card in the deck, and well he knew how the old thing worked. As he lived in the past, I didn't know but what you might have had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance."

"No; I can't say as I did, Governor. But I knew a Cale Bulger once, as was hung on the Choctaw reserve for horse-stealing—wasn't any relation to your Cale, I reckon?"

"The Governor" said, when he related this interesting part of the conversation to his boon companions, that he never in all his life had such a hard tussle to maintain his centre of gravity—the thing was so supremely ridiculous, associating a horse-stealer with his alibis the royal pair of Bucdad; but he managed to inform his interlocutor, with a grave face, that they belonged to the same family, and were second cousins.

Finding "The Governor" did not nibble at the first bait, and thinking he might require rest after his jaunt through the city, she placed the back parlor at his service. Throwing himself on the sofa, he said:

"Bring me a couple of bottles of Heidsick, and please do not allow me to be disturbed till supper-time. There is plenty of co—I mean money—in the safe to pay for all I require."

"What will you have for supper, Governor?"

"Oh, a mere lunch—something plain, simple and digestible. Quails on toast, Strasbourg pie, broiled brook-trout, devilled crabs, and a plain pudding to top off with, will answer, as my appetite is very poor to-day; but don't put yourself to any trouble on my account, or I'll never forgive you. Ta-ta, my ancient. Welcome, Morpheus! Shake on the half-shell." And in less than a minute he was snoring as if for a wager.

"He knocks the persimmon higher than anybody I ever knew," thought Kate; "and if he calls such a set-out a lunch, I shall have to ransack all the restaurants in Frisco to furnish him a dinner." But she remembered the ten thousand dollars in glittering dust that lay quietly in the safe, and hastened off to fill the order.

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"He has got me clean run off of my square leg, he has," she told her boarders in confidence, "and the wooden one is a-splintering. Drat the man! it's worth ten dollars an hour to tend to his whim-wams, and I aint the woman to take a farthing less after what he has made me suffer."

For three days the grand racket continued without a lull; but, as the fourth morning of "The Governor's" spree was very dark and stormy, Kate was in hopes that her boarder, as the saying goes, would take a rest. Wine was ordered as usual, however, and nothing but the choicest delicacies of the market would suit his palate. When night set in, and while the rain descended in torrents, "The Governor's" bell jingled smartly, and, clinkity-clunk, Kate hastened up the basement stairs to answer it. As she entered the room he gazed at her vacantly, and said in a solemn tone,

"Ancient antediluvian, do you believe in ghosts?"

"Good gracious, Governor! What's a coming over you?" said Kate, evidently alarmed. "Believe in ghosts! I darsent think of such a thing."

"Well, I do; and I desire you to procure me a book that tells all about them, to soothe my wounded spirits. It is entitled 'The Goblin Grizzly of the Invisible Gap'—a thrilling novel in two volumes, bound in calf. Vanish, my juvenile Hecate, but fail not to return with the coveted prize within an hour."

"Won't to-morrow do, Governor? I mean to oblige you in everything, but it's a raining pitchforks, and there isn't a bookstore within half a mile, and I shall get drowned before I can go a square. Have you no bowels of compassion?"

"Vary a bowell, madam, in such a case as this. Sleep has fled mine eyes, and nothing but 'The Goblin Grizzly of the Invisible Gap' will soothe me into a sweet and calm repose. To-morrow I depart for Honduras to meet my wealthy and benevolent parent. Money to me is dross—filthy lucre—a drug—and it is my intention to bestow the remainder of the dust in your safe as a present after paying my little bill."

There was no resisting such an appeal, and Peg-leg Kate spread her umbrella and sallied forth to do the Governor's behest. It was a night grim with terrors for an unprotected female with a wooden leg, but, chinkity-clunk, chinkity-clank, she scoured the streets of the city to fulfill her mission. She floundered into deep puddles, strayed under water-spouts, and two or three times stuck fast in the mud. A playful gust of wind turned her umbrella inside out, and her limp bonnet, saturated with the rain, looked like the remnants of a decayed cauliflower. She ruffled bookstore after bookstore in vain. There was plenty of "Goblin Grizzly" stock in the California market, but none with the particular title the Governor desired. Some of the establishments who were posted as to our hero's game informed her that they had just sold the last copy, but kindly referred her over the way and round the corner. The rain fell fast as ever, and Kate in sheer desperation bought a miscellaneous collection, which included "Scott's Demonology," "The Big Bear of Arkansas," "Mrs. Crowe's Night Side of Nature," and "The Devil on Two Sticks." A jovial clerk recommended "Locke on the Understanding" and "The Pilgrim's Progress," but Kate declined, saying she had as big a load as she could stagger under already.

It is beyond our pen to depict "The Governor's" sorrow and despondency when Kate returned minus "The Goblin Grizzly of the Invisible Gap." He vowed that his mortal agony was unendurable, and he felt confident he would never recover from the fearful blow. He quoted poetry, spouted tragedy, and frantically demanded his money, providingly he procure him a sociable and cheerful ghost from the nearest graveyard to soothe his wounded spirits. One who could warble "We'll fly by Night" would be highly preferable, but even a disembodied shoemaker's society would serve to alleviate his sufferings. If he belonged to Gridley's Band, all the better. "Blow winds and crack your cheeks'—ha, ha!"

Nothing would quiet him, and Kate, now firmly impressed with the idea that her guest was "as mad as a March hare," determined to try the effect of female charms—a resource which seldom fails to reduce the sex genus to a docile and imbecility. Her scheme, however, proved a perfect failure, for "The Governor" was adamant to the wiles of beauty. He finally became so frantic as to commit a startling breach of etiquette by shouting "Scat!" at the amiable Duchess Cinderella De Queerstart, and advised "Theatre Comique," the latter to forthwith fly in the glory of corkscrew curls, to "Get up and git!" Even "Little Breeches," famous for conquests as a pretty waiter-girl, and a recent importation from the "King Gambrinus Shades," wilted like the last rose of Summer under the withering sarcasm: "Beer-slinger, away!"

It was sheer folly to try and pacify him under such circumstances, and Peg-leg Kate finally gave up the task in despair, and sought her virtuous couch in a state bordering on distraction. Long after she retired a special "free-and-easy" was carried on in the back parlor, in which "The Governor" represented the talent, nice and general performers. A popular ballad, composed for the occasion, and entitled "Peg-leg Kate," was the principle feature of the entertainment, though a serenade of saw-filers would have sounded sweeter to the landlady's ear. She had one consolation, however. She had fairly secured the golddust deposited in the safe, and her guest would leave for Honduras in the morning.

Probably "The Governor" thought the situation was growing too hot, and he determined to take his departure without the usual preliminary adieu. Softly whistling "Oft in the Stilly Night," he made an acrobatic descent from the parlor windows, having with commendable caution first tossed a hair mattress to the sidewalk, in order to insure a safe landing.

The events of the past week were a mighty pleasant narrative for the boys, and they reckoned they were even, and several chalks ahead.

Peg-leg Kate was a fit subject for a lunatic asylum when she found out how she had been sold. It took several weeks before she could simmer down to an even frame of mind.

"I like boys that are smart, and can play their points fine," she said; "and I wouldn't have owed him a bit of grudge for his bilking of me, if he hadn't kinds when the coach drove up, and she was greatly impressed with "The Governor's" lofty and grandiloquent style. She heard his command:

"Drive back to the stable, boys. Treat yourselves to the best dinner the hotel affords. Open a basket of Heidsick to drink my health, and tell the landlord to charge it in the bill, and I, by-boys, please to inform Holdfast & Gripup to bank my share of the profits until they hear from me. So long," and the carriage whirled away as the Governor rang the bell.

Peg-leg Kate hastened to the door herself, meanwhile soliloquizing:

"That light-headed fellow is sure to pan out at the rate of a thousand dollars a day."

"The Governor's" reception was simply palatial, and he made a thorough conquest of the landlady when he said:

"Madam, I am having a bit of a lark, and you will oblige me very much by depositing a few thousand dollars' worth of golddust, which I have with me, in your safe."

A few thousand dollars to carry on a bit of a lark! Here was a pigeon worth the plucking, and Kate thumped around the room taking thoroughly gratified, at the same time declaring that everything in her establishment was at "The Governor's" service.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, my ancient charmer of the pre-Adamite age, for you must have been a modest and gushing maiden about the period the pedestrian(s) amused unsophisticated nature by warbling the 'Star-spangled Banner' to the music of the iguandon; and would you please to oblige me with the loan of a spoon?"

Kate was rather nonplussed at this strange address, but she hastened to comply with the request. She did not dream for a moment that he was chaffing her, for his face was as immovable as the Pygmalion statues. She said:

"He may talk as much Greek as he likes; but when I have that ten thousand dollars' worth of dust in my safe, I have got a sure thing on him, and he can't help himself. And a pedestrian-you-call it, am I? Won't I make him smart if it happens to be something of color!"

A spoon was brought, and from one of the bags (the one which contained the genuine gold) "The Governor" carefully skimmed off a small quantity, which he handed over to Kate with the request to have the broker at the corner test its quality. She was only too glad to perform so pleasant a task, and in a few moments she returned highly elated. The gold was the purest in the market, and he was willing to purchase any quantity equally fine at eighteen dollars per ounce. "The Governor" said he would consider his proposition, but he did not care to sell at present, as he had a large order from the firm of Fleecem & Flyaway, eminent New York jewelers, who were manufacturing a tea-service for the Khan of Tartary.

"Each of these bags, Madam, contains the modest sum of a thousand dollars. Oblige me by taking possession of the collateral; and when I leave, you can deduct my bill from the sum total. 'I 'gin to be weary of the day,' and fain would take a snooze—William and original, ha, ha!"

Peg-leg Kate began to feel a little uneasy. Perhaps the boys were playing a trick on her, and "The Governor," instead of being eccentric, was a genuine lunatic, and the law might reach her rather roughly for despoiling him of his property. No matter—'in for a penny, in for a pound;" and she would if he would not like to be introduced to the ladies.

"Hast thou a String of Pearls, Coral Lips or Heart's Delight among the number that walk in thy celestial train? No! thou hast not. Such were the pride of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid's harem, and meaner beauties touch not the tender sympathies of my gushing heart. Ah, my charmer, Cale was a trump card in the deck, and well he knew how the old thing worked. As he lived in the past, I didn't know but what you might have had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance."

"No; I can't say as I did, Governor. But I knew a Cale Bulger once, as was hung on the Choctaw reserve for horse-stealing—wasn't any relation to your Cale, I reckon?"

"The Governor" said, when he related this interesting part of the conversation to his boon companions, that he never in all his life had such a hard tussle to maintain his centre of gravity—the thing was so supremely ridiculous, associating a horse-stealer with his alibis the royal pair of Bucdad; but he managed to inform his interlocutor, with a grave face, that they belonged to the same family, and were second cousins.

Finding "The Governor" did not nibble at the first bait, and thinking he might require rest after his jaunt through the city, she placed the back parlor at his service. Throwing himself on the sofa, he said:

"Bring me a couple of bottles of Heidsick, and please do not allow me to be disturbed till supper-time. There is plenty of co—I mean money—in the safe to pay for all I require."

"What will you have for supper, Governor?"

"Oh, a mere lunch—something plain, simple and digestible. Quails on toast, Strasbourg pie, broiled brook-trout, devilled crabs, and a plain pudding to top off with, will answer, as my appetite is very poor to-day; but don't put yourself to any trouble on my account, or I'll never forgive you. Ta-ta, my ancient. Welcome, Morpheus! Shake on the half-shell." And in less than a minute he was snoring as if for a wager.

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"Oh, I should be thankful to take anything, however small."

"Hem! Where was your last engagement?"

"I have not yet made an appearance, but ——"

"No, I thought not. I am afraid, Miss Everson," continued the agent, "I cannot hold out much hope. You see, there are so many people who have appeared, who are out of engagements at this time of the year, that managers don't care to risk novices, unless, indeed, they can guarantee a stall or two every night, and I suppose you couldn't do that?"

"Guarantee a stall. I don't understand.'

"I am very glad to hear it," said Butcher, "and I am sure I hope you never will. At all events, my dear, I shan't enlighten you. But I will do the best I can for you. What is your address?"

"992 Kennington road;" and having said this, the visitor rose to leave, already seeming to despair of any good arising from her call. But at the last moment a sudden thought seemed to strike her, and she turned.

"It is true, Mr. Butcher, that I am really a novice, but from my childhood my father intended me for the stage, and never ceased to tutor me for my future profession, and you must, I am sure, remember him well enough to forgive me for saying that he was thoroughly capable of teaching me."

"Your father?" Butcher exclaimed, looking at her name in the book. "Is Herbert Everson your father?"

"Is—or was."

"Was? Do you not know where he is?"

"No, indeed. I do not know why I trouble you with my confidence, save that I hope to induce you to help me if you can. I have not seen my father for four years. My mother and he, unfortunately, quarreled—about a trifle—he left home and has never since been heard of, and we know not whether he be alive or dead. For a time he sent us money—anonymously. But the house in which we lived was pulled down for a new street, and since that we have heard nothing. All my mother's resources are now exhausted, and if I can earn nothing I know not what we shall do."

George pulled himself together, and for a few minutes looked more like a gentleman than he had done since the days before he took to morning drams.

"My dear Miss Everson," he said, "I knew your father intimately, and, trust me, I will help you if I can. Expect to hear from me in a day or two."

And then, condescension unprecedented, he absolutely escorted the young lady down the stairs, past the loungers at the bar, and out of the house.

"Hallo, George—deuced pretty girl, that," said one, as he re-entered. "Who is she?"

"A new Juliet for Drury Lane," was the daring reply; "just been signing her engagement. Twenty a week, and a half clear."

A general laugh proclaimed the incredulity with which this statement was received, and covered Butcher's retreat to his sanctum.

Here he threw himself into a chair, exclaiming, "By Jove!" Then rose and paced the room, seated himself again and examined his book taking no notice either of my presence or remarks, and at last burst out with:

"The rummiest go I ever remembered!"

As I could see nothing particularly "rum" in the "go," I asked for an explanation, but received for only explanation:

"Watch it to the end, my boy, watch it to the end."

"Who's that coming up stairs?" he asked suddenly. Reconnoitering through a latticed hatch in the door, I announced:

"That old scoundrel Marks."

"The very man," cried George. "Now for it."

Nathan Marks was the manager of a theatre I will call the "Theatre Royal Minors," and with the exception of occasional starring weeks of legitimate business, was supported by the somewhat expensive vanity of incompetent amateurs, who paid smartly to fret and strut their little hours on the St. Pancras stage, and by certain ballets, which in those days were regarded as outrageously *prononcee*, although in these times of opera-bouffe they would be thought tame and modest enough. The weekly stipends of the stars of the St. Pancras ballet rarely exceeded ten or twelve shillings, but the young ladies were capital managers, and were generally clad in velvets and sealskins, while some of them even kept broughams and pugdogs out of their salaries.

While, thereiore, I could well understand that Nathan Marks might like to secure Mabel Everson—on terms, I could by no means fancy he was "the very man" for her, and was about to say as much when his entrance prevented me.

To my astonishment, after settling some other business, Butcher began to sing the praises of Mabel Everson's beauty and talents in the most enthusiastic, and even extravagant fashion. At last he so charmed the old scoundrel with his account of her attractions, that he extracted from him a fortnight's engagement at a pound a week, to commence on the following Monday, when an American tragedian named Washington B. Adams was going to star for twelve nights.

When Marks had gone, I burst into a torrent of virtuous indignation, only to be laughed at for my pains and again told to

"Watch it to the end, my boy, watch it to the end."

With this I had to be satisfied, and, as loose fish as he was, I never believed there was anything really bad about Butcher; I began to think there was some mystery, and determined to follow his advice.

Accordingly, the Monday evening found me at the St. Pancras Theatre. The play was "The Merchant of Venice," and Miss Everson, announced in the bills as Miss Florence Wilmington (the feigned name being adopted at Butcher's suggestion), was to play Jessica. Butcher met me in front, and, in answer to my inquiries, told me he believed she would make a great success; but that she was in great distress at the insolent attentions of old Marks, who was evidently deeply smitten with his new investment. As I was not particularly anxious to see Mr. Adams murder Shylock, we strolled round to the stage, and in the greenroom, among others, found our *debutante*. She was evidently very nervous, and I was saying what I could to cheer her, and I am afraid I was paying my heart the while, as she looked more charming than ever in her Venetian dress, when she suddenly trembled with something very like fright, as she half-whispered:

"That dreadful man again! What shall I do?"

The dreadful man was Marks, who seemed to have a basilisk power over the poor girl as she shrank from his bold gaze and hideous leer, as he endeavored to pay her some clumsy compliments on her appearance.

I felt sorely tempted to kick the old scoundrel, but I knew that any interference of mine would only make matters worse; especially as I could see already that one or two members of the company, who were more susceptible to a manager's attentions, were inclined to resent the newcomer's conquest.

A young lady dressed as page to Portia's pages, and endowed by nature with no small share of a bold style of beauty, and a well-developed figure she scorned to conceal, remarked in a stage whisper to a companion:

"The new beauty's all the rage, dear; quite a pity, I am sure, her name wasn't starred in the bills."

"Where have you come from, I wonder?" Marks heard her name before," said the other. "Did you?"

"Name! I daresay she changes that once a month, although she does give herself such airs, as though she was too good for us."

"Yes; and I'm sure her entire wardrobe isn't worth five shillings."

These remarks, and a dozen others, proceeding from a little knot of half a dozen of what may be called the illegitimate stars of the theatre, were accompanied by a series of titters that I could see made the novice's heart beat faster, although she would not appear to hear them.

Women are always so kind and forbearing to their own sex

One or two actors coming in gave her a respite, by checking the ill-natured remarks and making the conversation more general.

"I can't make it out, Adams. I've seen him before, somewhere, I'm sure; but where I don't know."

The speaker was John Howard, one of the most useful actors on the stage;

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

CUPID AND THE BEE.

FROM ANACREON.

When Cupid in Elysian bowers
Was sporting 'mid the fresh-blown flowers,
Ravished with joy, he did not see
A little, honey-gathering bee
Which on his finger stung him so,
With such great pain as made him go
Leaping, running, jumping, flying
To his mother Venus, crying:
"Mother! mother! thine own son
He is dead and he's undone!
For a serpent small and flying,
Which the men rustics call a bee,
Stung me, on the ground a-lying;
Mother, mother, pity me!"
"Cupid," said his mother sadly—
"If a bee can sting so badly,
Then, my Cupid, thou canst see
What thy arrows's sting must be!"

BREACH OF PROMISE—$10,000 FOR THE PLAINTIFF.

In the Ross-Fancher breach-of-promise case, at the opening of the court this morning, Mr. Magee addressed the jury for the defense, and drew a very humorous comparison between January and May, the defendant representing the former and the plaintiff the latter. Miss Ross it was who did all the love-making; it was she who wanted to make an engagement with Fancher, not Fancher with Miss Ross. It was she who presented him with a ring; it was she who rushed forward and kissed defendant; it was she who voluntarily sat on his knee and threw herself on him until he told her that she was too heavy for him. He, counsel, only wanted the jury to decide on the evidence, and not to be led away by the plaintive tears and sighs of Miss Ross. She had, however, brought a wholly speculative action, one without the slightest just foundation. She had lovers by the score in Stockton. If she had lost her virtue, that was her fault; it was a matter of bargain and sale, and was not involved in this case. She had, according to a Californian expression, "bilked" defendant out of a good deal of money, but he (counsel) hoped that she would not "bilk" him out of any at the hands of the jury. She would like to be the widow of defendant—to leave Chicago with his $300 in her pocket. Counsel asked the jury not to return a compromise verdict; either to give $20,000 or not a dollar at all. Mr. O'Brien then addressed the jury in reply for the plaintiff, and said that he would not follow the counsel of the defendant in giving them humorous anecdotes, flights of fancy—everything, in fact, but comments on the facts. A slur, an unmanly slur, had been thrown on the virtue of the plaintiff, yet there was not an iota in the testimony to affect the virtue of the plaintiff, except the hired evidence of a man who had shared in the money of the defendant. The only questions for the consideration of the jury were: First, was there a promise to marry? if so, was the defendant discharged from his promise? if not, did he marry the plaintiff according to the contract? if not, then how much should he pay for the breach? Counsel contended that all the facts of the case conclusively proved a contract of marriage. Defendant had done all that a betrothed lover usually does. He took Miss Ross to his ranches, to San Francisco, to St. Joe and to other places, and he lived with her. All this defendant had admitted; in fact, he admitted everything except that he promised to marry her. Either he intended to marry her or to seduce her; but all the testimony pointed to the former conclusion. The defendant had spoken to the plaintiff about the kind of a house he would have after marriage, and all the arrangements he could make. Mr. O'Brien called for the reading of some of the depositions taken in the case, and, although this was objected to as improper during the argument, the Court ordered the depositions to be read, and they were accordingly. The gist of these depositions has been given in a former report of the trial. Mr. O'Brien then continued his address, and contended that all the kissing and cooing and wooing which had been proved to have taken place between the parties conclusively proved, or at least confirmed, the promise to marry. The defendant had admitted that he had never kissed any member of the family except Miss Ross. Why this exclusiveness? Had it no meaning? All the witnesses for the plaintiff had sworn that they always looked upon the parties as "engaged." The jury, having retired for about an hour, returned into court and handed in a sealed verdict, which disclosed a verdict for the plaintiff of $10,000.—*Chicago* (Ill.) *Evening Journal*, Jan. 8.

OUTRAGE.

A dispatch from Concord, N. H., to *The Boston Herald*, dated Jan. 8, says: "One of the most fiendish outrages ever perpetrated in this State was committed last evening in Canterbury, some three miles from Fisherville, upon the person of Ellen A. George of London, by one Charles Stevens of Canterbury, formerly a resident of East Concord. The girl is but fifteen years of age, and resides with her mother and brothers on the 'Moses Sargent place' in London, near the Canterbury line. On Thursday Stevens went to Mrs. George's house and gave his name as Flanders, representing that he was a well-to-do farmer, that his wife was sick and he wanted to get a girl to help in the house. He offered Ellen $2.50 a week, and said, as an extra inducement for her to go, that he was a religious man, and that prayer-meetings were held weekly at his house. It was finally agreed that Ellen should go with him. In the afternoon Mrs. George took her in a sleigh to Stevens' house. On her way home she found that there was no Mr. 'Flanders' who lived in the neighborhood, and that she had left her girl at the house of the notorious Charles Stevens. Taking her eldest son, George W., Mrs. George returned to Stevens' house to get Ellen. They arrived about dark and were told that Stevens and Ellen had gone to a meeting in the schoolhouse of District No. 1, in Canterbury. The schoolhouse was found closed, and they therefore went to the house of a Mr. Stone. The mother was in such a distracted state of mind that it was fully fifteen minutes before Mr. Stone could learn her story and the cause of her excitement. As soon as the situation was comprehended, Mr. Stone, with five others, started in sleighs in pursuit of Stevens; they took a crossroad, and when near a barn, a half-mile from any house, they heard screams of 'Murder,' 'God save me,' etc. They shouted and rushed for the barn, and, as they reached it, Ellen, who had been released by Stevens, came out of the door with her clothing partly torn from her, and in a delirious condition. She was taken to Mr. Stone's house, where she was kindly cared for by Mrs. Stone and passed the night. She did not recover from her delirium until midnight. After Ellen had been rescued the men started for Stevens, who came out of the barn and showed fight. After a severe struggle he was captured, and the men started with him for Fisherville. When they had got part way there he made a spring and tipped over the sleigh in which he was riding, but two of the men clung to him, and he was finally secured him and gave him into the custody of Officer Chadwick of Fisherville. Had not Stevens been closely followed up and surprised while attempting his vile purposes on the girl, she might have shared the same fate as Georgina Lovering. The details of the outrage are of the most fiendish character, and show Stevens to be a consummate villain. He has an indictment for stealing hanging over him, and escaped from Jailer Davis some years ago. He is one of the notorious Stevenses of East Concord, and has a wife and family in Canterbury. He claims to be only thirty-one years old, but he is nearer forty-five years. He assaulted the girl before reaching the barn, and dragged her several rods to that place. Stevens was brought before Judge Dana to-day on the charge of rape and pleaded 'Not guilty,' but the testimony of Miss George was so straightforward and overwhelming that he was held in $3,000, to appear at the April term of the Circuit Court, in default of which he was taken to jail."

RAFFLE FOR A BEAUTIFUL DAMSEL.

One of the most novel, as well as exciting, raffles that ever took place in Seymour came off on Saturday evening last. Miss Minnie Clarence made the novel proposition of putting herself up to be raffled off, at fifty cents a chance. At first the matter was treated as a joke; but when it became known that the offer was a bona-fide one, chances went rapidly, and in less than one hour every chance was taken, and heavy premiums were being paid by young men anxious to win the beautiful and lovely prize. Miss Minnie is a most bewitching beauty of eighteen Summers, an orphan, of respectable parentage, and a member of the best society of the State. She was decidedly the belle of Seymour, and was loved and admired by all who ever became acquainted with her, and probably envied just the least bit by the young ladies. She is a bright blonde, perfect in form, fair complexion, and has most ravishingly beautiful eyes. Ever since she came to Seymour she has been the centre of attraction and the admiration of the men. In justice to Miss Minnie, we should state that she gave the winner the privilege of accepting or refusing her, and reserved the same privilege for herself. There may have been several in the crowd whom she would have refused, but there were none, we venture to say, who would refuse her. How could they? The hour set for the raffle came, and found all ready to try their luck. Miss Minnie was there in person, dressed in the height of fashion, to lend a charm to the occasion. She stood leaning gracefully against a show-case, never speaking a word nor betraying the least emotion, or showing the slightest preference for any contestants, excepting that there was a perceptible twinkle in her beautiful eyes when some young and handsome "lover" would shake the dice. Name after name was called, and each one in turn would shake the box with nervous hand, until all but three had thrown, and nothing higher than thirty-eight had been thrown. Then came Lyn Falconer's turn. Lynn is a blonde himself, and a clever, hard-working young man, and perhaps the twinkle of her eyes nerved him to the work. At any rate, he tossed the ivory with a steady hand, and the scorer called 46. The other two throws were made amid too much excitement to even be counted, and the prize was awarded to Lynn. Minnie came forward and took Lynn's arm, and the two went out together, amid the cheers of the crowd. She accompanied him to his father's hotel, where she was presented to his relatives, who had not had the pleasure of her acquaintance before, after which she was escorted home. We, of course do not know, certainly, as Lynn is a good, clever young gentleman, and he would be an honor to any household, we are inclined to think neither of them will back out.—*Seymour* (Ind.) *Star*, Jan. 1.

A JERSEY BELLE SUES A WEALTHY UNDERTAKER.

Charles W. Compton, a wealthy undertaker of Market street, Newark, was before the Supreme Court of New Jersey yesterday, defending a suit for $25,000, begun by Miss Grace Ellen Plummer of 55 Pennsylvania avenue, the charge being breach of promise. Miss Plummer is a daughter of the late Enoch Plummer, a wealthy resident of Newark. Mr. Compton is about forty years old. Miss Plummer is twenty-four. Miss Plummer testified that Mr. Compton began his suit in January, 1873, by giving her presents and taking her out to ride. He continued his addresses until April, 1874. She further testified that on the 13th of March, 1873, Mr. Compton put a diamond ring on her finger and told her to wear it for him. Soon afterwards he took a plain gold ring from her finger. On the 4th of June he sailed for Europe on business, and the witness and her mother accompanied him in a tug down the bay to the steamer. As he was quitting the tug, he kissed her for the first time. While he was in Europe, the witness continued, Mr. Compton wrote several letters to her, and one to her father, who was then living, in which he called him Father Plummer. The first letter to Miss Plummer was written in Cork, and began "My Dear Friend Gracie." The letters were produced, and Miss Plummer read them to the Court in a clear, ringing voice, emphasizing the endearing portions. Miss Plummer further testified that, after Mr. Compton's return from Europe, he asked her to become his wife, and that she accepted his offer and dismissed all other suitors. In March last he grew cool, and, pleading business, visited Miss Plummer less frequently. His last call was on the 14th of May. He then asked her for the diamond ring he had given her, saying that he would give her a ring that she would prize more highly than any she had ever had. She gave him the ring, and soon afterwards learned that he had given it to a young lady in Brooklyn, to whom he was soon married. In defense Mr. Compton put in a general denial of the promise of marriage, saying that he was only a friend, and that his letters were not intended to express anything more than sincere friendship.—*N. Y. Sun*, Jan. 14.

SEDUCTION AND MURDER.—On Wednesday, Jan. 6, at Point Pleasant, West Va., a city on the Ohio River, at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, William Weitzel shot and killed Capt. Hutch McDaniels. A few weeks ago Mr. Weitzel left home on a business trip, and upon his return was informed by a brother of his wife that McDaniels had seduced her during his absence. Weitzel, upon questioning his wife, satisfied himself that the story was true; then, loading his double-barreled shot-gun with buckshot, started in broad daylight to find and punish her seducer. Calling at McDaniels' house he learned that he had gone to the river, and thither he pursued him. Meeting his victim, a parley of words ensued, Weitzel accusing McDaniels of wronging him. Weitzel fired one shot into his victim at a distance brought him to the earth, then walked up to where he lay, and fired the other load into his body at short range. McDaniels was taken up dead. Weitzel was arrested, and has the sympathy of the community.—*N. Y. Times*, Jan. 11.

TRAMPS STRIP A YOUNG SCHOOLTEACHER.—In Evesham township, Burlington County, N. J., a young female teacher of a public school was alone in the building after dismissal, when two ruffians entered, and seizing her, stripped her of every article of clothing, which they packed up in a bundle and carried away. They offered no further indignity. She was prevented from making an outcry by the threats of the scoundrels, who held her in a state of abject terror. They were regular tramps, who were unknown in the locality. After they had departed the young girl attracted the attention of the neighbors, who furnished her with clothing and enabled her to proceed to her home. An alarm was immediately given, and the perpetrators were captured and lodged in jail.

THE RESIDENCE of Wm. Gurganus, says *The Wilmington* (N. C.) *Star*, was forcibly entered in the nighttime by four negroes, all armed, and while three of them stood guard over Mr. G., the fourth committed a gross outrage on Miss Margaret Rivershark, a respectable white girl. The negroes, who are known, have so far eluded the officers and citizens who are in search of them.

IN THE divorce suit of Mme. Lucca against her former husband, the Baron Von Rhade, a commission was issued by the Court in this city, Jan. 11, to take testimony in Berlin.

THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE IN PARIS, FRANCE.

In the past issue of THE CLIPPER appeared a brief account, received per cable, of the opening of the imposing temple of the lyric drama which forms one of the grandest, if not one of the most enduring, monuments of the reign of Napoleon III. The subjoined particulars concerning the structure, taken from a Paris letter to *The N. Y. Herald*, will be perused with interest by our readers:

It was in 1859 that the Emperor, glorying in his Italian campaign, and having, as he thought, established himself securely, resolved to build an opera-house which should be the crowning marvel of the Paris which he had renovated. A few months were spent in reflection and in conferring with court architects about the best site, and at last, on the 29th of Dec., 1860, a decree was issued opening a prize competition to all French architects, but excluding foreigners. Although but a month was given to the competitors, no less than 173 sets of designs were sent in; but the jury of thirteen, presided over by Count Walewski, declined to select any one of them for execution. Seven architects were, however, picked out as having excelled, and four prizes were distributed among them, viz.: A first prize of 6,000 francs to M. Ginain, a second of 4,000 francs to MM. Botrel and Crepinet, a third of 2,000 francs to M. Garnaud, and a fourth of 1,500 francs to MM. Duc and Garnier. Before separating, the jury expressed a wish that a second competition should be instituted among the four prize winners, and that the winner this time should have his designs definitively accepted. The result of this second trial was, that on the 2d of June, 1861, M. Charles Garnier was unanimously proclaimed winner. It was a great blow to M. Ginain, who, having prevailed the first time, had made almost certain of final success; and it was also a surprise to the country, for M. Garnier was then little known. He was then thirty-five years old, and had been acting as sub-inspector of municipal works under the orders of M. Ballu. In this subaltern capacity he had helped to restore the Tower of St. Jacques de la Boucherie, but it was never suspected that he possessed architectural genius sufficient to cope with such masters as Ginain, Sechan, Duc and Viollet-Leduc, and his success was truly a proof that the competition had been conducted without favoritism.

On the 21st of July, 1862, the first visible stone of the new opera-house was laid, and by the close of that year the foundations of it were finished. They represented the labor of 165,000 days' work of a strong man, and there were twelve years' labor yet to come before the building was completed. It progressed so satisfactorily, however, that it could be used as a fireproof magazine during the siege of Paris, and many valuable paintings, with other works of art, were deposited there. It is, probably, now one of the most solid structures in the world. It will be lighted by 8,400 jets of gas, and heated by thirteen caloriferes. Its size is nearly three times greater than that of the grand theatres at St. Petersburg, Munich, Turin and Berlin. It is nine times larger than the Berlin Opera-house. Within is an astonishing prodigality of ornamentation and gilding. The rarest marbles and the most beautiful bronze have been freely used, and the first artists in France have been employed on its decoration. It is beautiful from the mosaic of the floors to the paintings of the roof. The most sensational of the groups of art which adorn it is "La Danse" of M. Carpeaux. It has been so enthusiastically praised and so fiercely condemned that the admirers and détractors of the famous sculptor have more than once come to blows on the subject, and there have been duels without end about it. In the latter days of the Empire it was surrounded by mobs of hooting and applauding spectators, and one night the principal figure was wantonly stained by a quantity of black fluid known to Parisian commerce as the ink of little virtue. M. Carpeaux's party photographed the group in this state and tried to rouse general indignation, but when it was found that the stain could be effaced the riot around it gradually subsided, though not till a ministerial decree, issued in 1869, ordered the finest piece of sculpture in France to be withdrawn from the public gaze and removed to the interior of the building. The order, however, was not executed; for M. Gumery, who was employed to carve another group to replace it, died before his work was finished. The present incumbent has also been much talked about; but an American gentleman, who visited the opera with me yesterday, observed that it is not so fine as that of the Palace Hotel of San Francisco; and, indeed, though it is broad and stately, it did not strike me as remarkable. The steps are of the white marble of Carrevezza, bordered by a balustrade of onyx and banisters of red-antique marble, reposing on the green stone of Sweden. But the whole effect is somewhat wanting in artistic excellence. The system of secondary staircases has been carefully planned. They are approached by thirty columns, made of turns of red granite, of speckled granite of Aberdeen, of the rose-colored granite of the Vosges, of the red granite of the Jura and the jasper of Mont Blanc. Le Grand Foyer literally blazes with gilding, and is perhaps the finest room in the world. It is fitted up with brilliant upholstery, specially made for it at the looms of Lyons, and lit by twelve chandeliers. Around it are twenty columns, surmounted by allegorical statues of the different virtues and qualities necessary for an artist—1, Imagination; 2, Hope; 3, Tradition; 4, Fancy; 5, Passion; 6, Strength; 7, Thought; 8, Prudence; 9, Moderation; 10, Elegance. These statues, they will be invisible to the audience, and that millions of francs, more or less, must have been thrown away upon them. Indeed, there is no end to the waste of decoration; for even the mouths of the heating-pipes, placed mostly out of sight, are designed by celebrated artists, and the bill for mere gilding must have been something enormous. The accommodations of the theatre, in spite of all the care and money that have been spent upon them, leave much to be desired. The boxes, especially those at the sides of the house, are narrow and uncomfortable, and, though the fore part of the balcony is covered with silk yet there is a common red paper behind, of which the color comes off and which will indelibly stain any lady's dress which touches it. The stalls are narrow and old-fashioned. The house is illy ventilated, and the water-closets and urinals are already filthy beyond description. It must be added that the general effect of the uniform red linings of the house is dark and sombre, the space between the tiers of boxes is too low, and the heat of the low corridors in Summer will be almost stifling. The house looks small when seen from the boxes, and the stage looks mean when seen from the house. Upon the whole, perhaps, it may be said that rather too many fortunes have been made out of it, and that human genius, and at its best, can never quite attain perfection.

The new house contains 2,520 seats. The old house contained only 1,835 seats, and there is, moreover, this difference between them, that the seats of the former are much larger. The wonderful *recherché* of inner conveniences which the building displays is not altogether the architect's work, but was imposed on him by the terms of the programme drawn up under the Emperor's orders by Count Walewski and M. Felix Martin, late Secretary to the Opera. This programme filled seventy solid pages, and a summary of it will help to convey an idea of the magnificent scale on which the architect was ordered to work. In the first place, he had to provide stabling for seventy horses, namely: Ten for the cavalry guard on duty at the entrance, fifteen for the carriages used in the performances, thirty for the horses of the Imperial escort whenever the Emperor should visit the house, and fifteen for the horses of the court carriages and ontriders. In addition to this he had to locate inside the building a police station-house, with infantry guard-rooms, a telegraph office, a fire station, coach houses, a museum of musical records, a waiting-room for court servants, and another for the servants of subordinates, a saloon for aides-de-camp on duty, a public vestibule where three hundred people at least could stand without crowding, a cruak-room fifty metres long, a restaurant, a cafe and a smoking-room, private saloons to each of the boxes, and a separate carriage entry where 300 carriages could let down their occupants under cover in less than a quarter of an hour. As to the Emperor's private entrance and box, the suites of rooms attached to it were required to be ten in number, enough to form a good-sized mansion by themselves. All these conditions and many more have been fulfilled with this result, that the auditorium, though providing seats for 2,520 spectators, occupies not one-fifth of the area of the whole building. The total metrical cubage of the Grand Opera from cellar basement to roof is not less than 430,000 metres—that is, more than double those of the Pantheon and the Bourse, the former of which, vaults included, cubes but 190,000 metres, and the latter 106,000 metres. The building is consequently the hugest fabric in France, and the largest pile raised for purposes of recreation since Titus built the Colisseum at Rome. As at first arranged, the Opera-house was to have been inaugurated for the International Exhibition of 1867, but in 1864 it was discovered that M. Garnier was conducting his works at such a rate that the cost of the building could scarcely be kept within $20,000,000. At the instance of M. Fould, the Finance Minister, the Emperor very reluctantly gave orders that the building should be slackened; but to cover his retreat he published a sentimental edict declaring that as the new Hotel Dieu, or central hospital, was so far from complete, it would be unseemly that the house of pleasure should be inaugurated before the house of suffering. This little bit of shoddy morality did not deceive anybody, and it rather made the Emperor unpopular.

SIX WEEKS IN A "VARIETY SHOP."

CHICAGO, Dec. 30, 1874.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir.*—Every day we read in the papers how John Smith, or some other green-eyed granger, is enticed behind the scenes, at some low-basement varieties theatre, and despoiled of his cash. I do not deny that occasionally this may be true; but my desire is to speak a good word for at least one of those institutions. I came to Chicago about two years ago, and was fortunate enough to have a first-class position. But after the panic had paid us a visit, I found that I was enabled to take about sixteen years' holiday without being bothered drawing my salary; and as I had been living up to all I made, my bank account was none of the largest. After I had looked around for a month, I found that I still had my position with Street, Walker & Co., measuring sidewalks and holding up awning-posts, and, by way of variety, wearing out the steps of first-class hotels and billiard-halls. Just about this time my hash-lady (I was boarding on Michigan avenue) informed me that it was about time to declare dividends; and as I was not a declarist, she declared that I need not bring my body back to supper that night, although my trunk might stay, so that she might be able to remember that my alabaster brow had graced her table. This was news indeed; and as I walked by the Lake-side, and felt the gentle winds play with my raven locks (of red), I felt that I must do something to raise the wind. After I had eaten my supper (wind pudding and a Sherman House toothpick) I felt pretty miserable, thank you, and thought I would take a stroll around town, and, like Micawber, look for something to turn up. As I walked up Clark street a young man presented me with a handbill; and, now I think of it, I might have made a fortune that month by selling for old paper the numerous handbills and circulars that were given me. Those gents want to get rid of them, and they can tell by a man's looks whether he is likely to take one or not.

But this particular handbill informed me that Midland's Varieties was in full blast, and that the admission was ten, fifteen and twenty-five cents. As I read all this, a thought came into my mind that I might be able to earn at least enough to pay my board, by appearing on the boards as a vocalist. I had an excellent voice, and was familiar with all the songs of the day, of course I felt some scruples about lowering myself, and the like, but that did not make me feel any the less hungry, so I turned back, and down into the cellar I went. I did blush some, gentle reader, but I was nerved to desperation, and I knew that I could get no worse answer than "no" to a civil question.

The proprietor said he was not in want of a vocalist just at present. Said I: "I don't ask for any pay if I am not a success. Let me go on and sing a song; and if I take, you can give me just what you think I am worth." I then related to him my circumstances, and he at once agreed to my appearing; and not only that, but gave me a dollar in advance to get something substantial in the shape of provender. It was too late to appear that night, but the next day I went down and rehearsed three songs with the orchestra.

My stage-name had been printed on the bills in very small type, so that if I was a failure I would not blast the reputation of the establishment.

I had determined to sing the song of "Shabby Genteel"—in the first place because I could sing that very well, and secondly because I felt thoroughly shabby genteel. My rendition of the song was very fair, and I came in for a liberal share of applause. But when I had sung my next song, which was in words of my own composition, to the tune of "Seven Out," the applause that greeted me was simply immense, and from that time, for six weeks onward I was one of the standard attractions, at the excellent salary of twenty dollars a week. At the end of that time I was able to obtain a very desirable situation. Of course, like all other great stars, I was billed for a farewell week, and for a grand complimentary benefit on Saturday night; and on the latter occasion I realized what it was to be a public favorite. The audience, in point of numbers, was colossal, and it was an ovation in every sense of the word. My share of the proceeds was upwards of one hundred dollars, about fifty of which I spent in a supper provided for the company. Rough and ungraded as they were, I felt like parting with old friends, for I don't know where I might have brought up without their help. Two of 'em, respectively negro and Dutch comedians, have made excellent progress in their profession, and to-day rank among the best. Whiskey got the best of the good-hearted proprietor, and I was a sorrowful mourner at his funeral less than a year ago.

This, Mr. Editor, is my experience among low varieties people, and I never hear them run down without thinking: Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

H. R. S.

BASEBALL.

THE PROFESSIONAL SEASON OF 1874.

NINTH ARTICLE.

Baseplay and Basemen.

While on the subject of baseplay, we might as well refer to the proposed amendment to the rules, which is to allow all the bases to be overrun, as the first base is now. The rule allowing the first base to be overrun was adopted in 1870, and it has become a permanent law of the game. The proposition now is to apply the same rule to the other bases, and there is everything in favor of it. In the first place, there is no doubt that allowing all the bases to be overrun will save many a sprained ankle and injured limb, while in no respect does it take from the interest of the game or lessen the skill required in baseplay. There is not the least merit in putting out a player who has overrun second or third base, the skill of the baseman alone being shown in putting him out before he touches the base. In applying the rule to all the bases, it will be best to require the player overrunning second and third, if not the first, to return and retouch the overrun base. If the rule be the same for all bases, the umpire will find it difficult to decide points on second and third bases, which would not be the case if the player was only required to return and retouch the base. Of course no base is overrun in the case of a home-run, nor is first or second overrun on a three-base hit. Among the reliable first-basemen of 1874 was Everett Mills, and the Hartfords did well things in retaining him. He is a sure catch, faces everything pluckily, and covers his position well as a fielder, and also as baseman. Moreover, the breath of suspicion has never been pointed against him as regards his integrity. It is a singular fact that the first base is about the only position that has not been occupied by the alleged hippodromists. Nearly every other position in the game has been held by men said to have been unreliable. Fortunately, the class referred to are in a very decided minority, the great mass of professionals being square men.

Nearly all of the Boston Club played his position very finely in a majority of games, but he at times was decidedly lax as a fielder. That is, he depended too much upon accurate throwing to him; and when the ball was sent in wide, he failed to exert himself fully to stop it. Thoroughly reliable, however, he has been regarded by thirty columns, made up mainly of professional team of the country. He works like a Trojan in leading contests, but takes things rather easy in second-class games. The point is to play up to the highest mark in *every* game.

The other first-basemen of the season were Mack of the Philadelphia, Anson and Fisler of the Athletic, Glenn of the Chicago, and Gould and Taylor of the Baltimore. All very good players, and all reliable men. Fisler did not play up to his mark, not being in condition during much of the season. Glenn played a strong game, and the Chicagos did well in retaining him. Anson plays better as first baseman than any other position, Gould was up to his usual high mark, and Taylor did service on the base. There were several amateur first-basemen, however, who were quite up to the professional standard, and they will be doubtless heard of this year in some of the new nines. We now proceed to

SECOND-BASE PLAY,

and of this a few words of advice will not be out of the way. The games played under the ten-men rule in 1874 proved conclusively that, instead of depriving the second-baseman of much of his play, as was feared by some, it added immensely to the interest of it than otherwise. With nine men in the field, and played as the points are now, the second-baseman has considerable ground to cover, inasmuch as hits to "right short" are more frequent than ever before, and the second-baseman—in the absence of a "right-short" fielder—is able to attend not only to second-base balls, but also to "right-short" hits. With the third-baseman looking out for "fair-fouls," the short stop well up towards third, and the second baseman prepared to field "right-short" balls, a wide space is left open for balls hit over second base, and this space will be covered when nine men rule comes into vogue, or the infielders choose to protect it at the cost of allowing fair-fouls to third to yield sure base-hits, which these hits will not do if the third-baseman plays well up in front of his position and near the foul-ball line. In the one case, fair-fouls have to be neglected, or a space has to be left open over second base, or one at "right-short," for base-hitting. All the points named cannot be protected under the nine-men rule, simply because the infield has a man more on one side than on the other. Originally, the short stop was placed in the field as an auxiliary to the pitcher. Now his position is one of the most important in the field. Of course, with the improved style of play at the bat comes the necessity for a right-short-stop; and until that player is added to the infield side, the second-baseman must have a double duty to perform. Hence the importance of having a first-class man in that position, and especially one with judgment to study the peculiarity of the opposing batsman, and also one able to assist the pitcher in his strategic points of play.

Barnes of the Boston nine took the lead in second-base play in 1874; but even he might have done better had he chosen to have played up to his mark in every game, as he did in what he regarded as first-class matches. Unluckily, however, Barnes is one of those players who have a rather high opinion of their own abilities, and this class generally possess the mistaken idea that the ways in which they are prone to display their highest mark when they think it necessary to make strenuous exertions. It sometimes—and not unfrequently—happens, however, that when they want to play their best, just at that very time they cannot do it. When players are in the habit of striving their best to win games, be they first-class match or simply an amateur team, they can depend upon themselves at all times: whereas, when they get in the way of playing loosely, as they frequently do when opposed to weak teams, they cannot always play with the skill which is at the command of those who always strive their best. The point for every player to make is, to play his best in every game. It is his duty in all encounters with professional opponents, and it should be his policy in games with amateur nines; for spectators go to see professionals play with amateurs purposely to witness a fine display of the beauties of the game; and this they cannot witness unless the professionals play their very best, and try all they can to "Chicago" their amateur adversaries.

As a general thing, the mixture of good and bad base-play was more perceptible at second base last season than in either of the other base-positions. The Atlantics had a practical illustration of this, some of their numerous second-basemen playing splendidly in one game, and quite the reverse in three or four other contests. They had Jimmy Hall, who did well until he was lamed; then they tried Farrow, Hodes, Kessler, West, Fleet, Martin and Sweasy; the latter doing the best. Beals of the Boston nine showed up well while Barnes was disabled. The beauty of Tommy's play is that he always strives earnestly in every game, whether it be an important championship match or an amateur contest. He did some very pretty play in some games, fully equaling Barnes. He is more amenable to the commands of the captain and attentive to the signals of the pitcher than Barnes and other second-basemen were, and therefore more valuable in his assistance. Nelson of the Mutuals played a very strong game at second base last season. In fact, it is evident that it is his home-position. Addy was, he usual, earnest and active, but he was not always in good condition. Battin did some good work at second, but displayed a lack of judgment in emergencies. Craven played well in the position for the Philadelphias, Meverle tried to do so for the Chicagos, as did Hines; Manning and Brainard played second for the Baltimores, as well as pitching; Murnan and Fisler filled the place acceptably for the Athletics, Fisler not being in trim for play last season. As a general thing, there was room for improvement in the second-base play of 1874, though at times it could not be surpassed.

BALLPLAY ON SKATES.

A few days ago a game was contested at the Peninsular Skating Rink, Detroit, Mich., by nines chosen from the Ætna B. B. Association, resulting as under:

	O.	R.		O.	R.
Seering, 1st b	4	2	Bell, 2d b	1	4
Wood, p	3	3	Nelson, r f	4	0
Gifford, 2d b	0	6	Baxter, c	1	4
Kies, c f	1	4	Rathbone, s s	0	5
Morris, c	1	4	Doolittle, c f	3	3
Rowley, 3d b	1	4	Wiley, p	2	3
Morrison, l f	2	3	Scandish, 3d b	0	5
Rumley, s s	1	4	Dunn, 1st b	1	6
Allison, r f	1	4	Blinn, l f	2	2
Totals	14	34	Totals	14	32

During the season of '74 the Ætnas played ten match-games with some of the leading clubs of that State and Ohio, in nine of which they were victorious, the other game being a tie with the Toledo, O., Club. It is intended to put a strong amateur nine in the field next year, to compete with any professional or amateur club that they can induce to visit the City of Straits.

THE TECUMSEH CLUB OF LONDON, ONT.

The above-named organization, one of the oldest of the kind in the New Dominion, was started in 1868, and has been run successfully ever since. Last year they played two of the best games ever played in Canada. All American clubs who visit London (and all are invited) are promised liberal treatment. The following is a summary of last year's play:

Tecumseh vs. Eckford of London	23 to 8
Tecumseh vs. Independent, Dundas	29 12
Tecumseh vs. "Reds" of Boston	9 40
Tecumseh 1st nine vs. 2d nine	6 12
Tecumseh vs. Eckford of London	6 4
Tecumseh 1st nine vs. 2d nine	4 3
Tecumseh 1st nine vs. 2d nine	22 11
Tecumseh vs. Maple Leaf of Guelph	2 5
Tecumseh vs. Maple Leaf of Guelph	11 22
Tecumseh (2d nine) vs. Athletic of Brantford	17 13

RECORD OF THE UNION CLUB OF URBANA, O.

VICTORIES.

June 13, Union vs. Antioch of Yellow Springs	19	to 18
June 24, Union vs. Buckeye of Columbus	29	28
July 14, Union vs. Railroad of Liberty	61	4
July 29, Union vs. Excelsior of Paris	83	9
Aug. 17, Union vs. Modoc of London	28	4
Aug. 20, Union vs. Ranger of Mutual	56	11
Aug. 29, Union vs. Dayton of Dayton	10	2
Oct. 3, Union vs. Favorite, Cincinnati	13	8
Oct. 7, Union vs. Star of Marion	24	10
Oct. 8, Union vs. Confidence of Genesee	5	1
Oct. 10, Union vs. Antioch of Yellow Springs	33	10
Oct. 20, Union vs. Resolute of Galeon	32	16
Oct. 24, Union vs. Fay of Xenia	16	8

DEFEATS

June 30, Buckeye of Columbus vs. Union	27	21
Aug. 3, Atlantic (Professional) vs. Union	34	4

Total scores—Union, 434 runs; Opponents, 190 runs.

THE MUTUALS OF JACKSON, MICH.

This club won the amateur championship of the Wolverine State, $100 and a gold medal, at East Saginaw last season, and have not, the secretary informs us, been beaten, save by professional teams, during the past two years. The club have fine inclosed grounds of their own, and think of visiting the East next Summer and trying conclusions with their Eastern brothers. Of the nine, Captain De Myer and Henry Lake have caught and pitched for every game, and McGraw, Benedict, Montgomery and Robert Lake have played in every game. The club's gymnasium is fitted up with everything desirable, but they do not get quite as much exercise so they should.

April 25, Mutual vs. Baldwin of Baldwin	31	to	1
May 2, Mutual vs. Maxon of Maxon	45		4
May 16, Mutual vs. Eaton Rapids of Eaton Rapids	26		8
May 25, Mutual vs. Athletic of Adrian	17		5
June 10, Mutual vs. Athletic of Adrian	28		14
July 20, Mutual vs. Franklin of Detroit	39		7
Aug. 5, Mutual vs. Athletic of Grand Rapids	10		3
Aug. 12, Mutual vs. Eaton Rapids	20		12
Aug. 31, Mutual vs. Unknown of Hillsdale	19		2
Sept. 8, Mutual vs. Staten Island (N. Y.) Club	16		8
Sept. 16, Mutual vs. Athletic of Grand Rapids	9		3
Sept. 17, Mutual vs. Ogemaw of Flint	22		12
Oct. 7, Mutual vs. Athletic of Grand Rapids	16		6
Oct. 21, Mutual vs. Chelsea of Chelsea, Mass	20		8
July 1, Mutual vs. Boston of Boston, Mass	4		19
Aug. 10, Mutual vs. Mutuals of New York	7		21
Sept. 23, Mutual vs. Junior Mutuals†	27		25
Totals	329		159

* Against professionals. † Exhibition game of 5 outs to 3. Total runs, regular games—Mutuals, 248; opposition, 94.

The Club have elected the following officers for the season of 1875: George H. Gale, president; H. N. Lake, vice-president; F. H. Andrews, recording secretary; George H. Rice, corresponding secretary; Robert Lake, treasurer; C. A. Bartlett, manager; Wm. Demger, ground superintendent; directors, H. E. Southworth, H. F. Hatch, W. C. Heyser and G. L. Fish.

PITCHING AVERAGES FOR 1874.

Below will be found a table of the average of earned runs, prepared by Mr. A. H. Wright, the scorer of the Athletic Club of Philadelphia. Also a table of base-hit averages. By these figures McBride takes the lead in having the fewest runs earned off his pitching, and the fewest base-hits scored; Bond being second, Spalding third and Matthews fourth:

AVERAGE EARNED RUNS PER GAME DURING 1874.

	Athletic.	Atlantic.	Baltimore.	Boston.	Chicago.	Hartford.	Mutual.	Philadelphia.	Total Average Earned Runs.
Athletic	...	2.71	3.75	1.50	2.57	2.85	2.90	2.40	2.54
Atlantic	0.57	...	0.75	1.09	2.00	1.00	1.70	1.11	1.19
Baltimore	1.25	1.25	...	2.50	1.16	2.00	1.12	0.50	1.41
Boston	1.00	1.20	2.00	...	2.71	...	1.66	1.25	1.67
Chicago	1.00	1.20	2.00	2.71	...	1.66	...	0.70	1.68
Hartford	2.00	1.00	3.25	2.85	0.66	...

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party address should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Jan. 18.

LADIES' LIST.

Amador, Mabel
Bland, Edith
Burke, Nellie M.
Beverley, Mrs. Maude 6c.
Barnard, Minnie
Benson, Jennie
Cole, Saidie
Carlton, Emma
Coleman, Helene
Cleveland, Nellie
Case, Mrs. W.
Carle, Mrs. Emma
Carleton, Erena
Claire, Minnie
Clark, Nellie (clog-swinger)
Cotton, Mrs. Mary
De Bar, Blanche
Deshon, Sabra
Desmond, Georgie
Darling, Bessie
Dark, Lizzie 24c.
D'Jalma, Mrs. Sadie
De Brent, Amy
Edina, Sophie (vocalist)
Edwards, Leonie(2)
Fairman, Maude
Fontainbleau, Nile. (2)
Forrester, Nellie
Gilbert, Bessie
Gracie, Millie (circus "biz")
Geary, Mina
Garetta, Eugenie
Hennis, Mrs. Ida L.
Hunter, Mrs. C. E.
Houck, Minnie
Hindle, Annie (2)
Holland, Mrs. M. A.
Harney, Kate
Hudson, Eliza
Hays, Nellie (with McEvoy)
Harvey, Kate
Howard, Jessie "Imogene"
King, Mrs. T. C.
Kimball, Mrs. J.B.
Kellogg, Antoinette
Kendall, Mrs. H. A.
Kirby, Adelle
La Marrie, Miss
Lewis, Maude
Little Nell (2)
Leder, Minnie Corbyn
Lottie, Mlle. (2)
Lowell, May Willmotte
Lowell, Zelma (3)
Leighton, Mrs. W. H.
Leslie, Fannie
La Rue, Ella
Lupo, Mlle. E. (dansease)
Lee, Mrs. H. C.
Lavarnie, Carrie
Mell, Rose
Morley, Charlotte
McEvoy, Grettie A.
Mayhew, Kate 10c.
Miller, Adelaide(2)
McDonald, Flora
O'Brien, Nora (with Healy)
Placide, Alice
Prestige, Fannie
Richmond, Adah
Ross, Alice
Ravel, Marietta
Rainforth, Minnie (2)
Reynolds, Vicca (of Forest's Co.)
Rainford, Alice
Ray, Maggie (with W. Ray)
Stuart, Maggie (of Sher. Mack Co.)
Sanford, Lou
Swinburne, Marie 10c.
Solida, Eugenie
Sutherland, Agnes
Schraeder, Mrs. E.
Stevenson, Mrs. L. H.
Smith, Della (vocalist)
Victoria, Mlle. (gymnast) (3)
Worrell, Sophie A.
Wurm, Marie
Wentworth, Miss H. C.
Wyndham, Alice
Worland, Anna
Washburn, Libbie
Wray, Mrs. Louisa
Zoula, Millie
Zephy, Millie (3)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Ahrendt, Carl
Allison, F. M. (2)&c.
Arnold, W. N.
Adams, Jno. C.
Ames, E.
Allen, Johnny
Appleton, Jno.
Arnold, Amos D.
Armstrong, Harry (comedy)
Anderson, Prof.
Austin, Charlie & Emma
Alden, Gen. D. A.
Allen, J. R.
Adams, Marsh
"Business Manager" (2)
Bergan, E. S. (2)
Browne, Bdwin
Brown Ben (with Wagner) (2)
Barnaby, Hy. (manager) (2)
Brown, E. (of Katie Putnam Co.)
Burke, Jno. D. (2)
Beebm, E. (of Strakosch Co.)
Bates, Horace
Barker, G. M.
Bothner, Gustave
Burton, Thos. (circus "biz")
Barnum, H. (2) 10c.
Baker, Wm. (date with Dockstader)
Barnes, Lucien
Baker, F. F.
Bernabo Adolfo (2) 20c.
Burke, Jno. E.
Beamer, Chas.
Bintaur, Stephen W.
Barsby, Will H.
Boyne, O. E.
Brown, Chas. J.
Boon, E. D.
Barnum, P. T.
Birdue, Robt.
Beir, S.
Benoit, O.
Breese, Capt. J. L.
Blaich, C. F.
Blitz, Jerome
Budd, Jake (with Buckley)
Broderick, Geo. H.
Bailey's Circus, Geo. F.
Baker & Farron
Beadle, Mr. (belfringer)
Baldwin, Prof. E. S.
Byrne, J. H.
Brown, Harry (comed.)
Chase & Davis
Collier, Sam
Carroll, Richd. F. (3)
Cody, W. F. "Buffalo Bill" (2)
Carson, Harry (circus "biz")
Constantine, Sig.
Chapman, Geo.
Cooper, C. D.
Chenet, Col. Jos.
Cauldeck, F. L.
Calender, Charlie
Clapham, Harry J.
Cannon, Jno.
Collins, Sam (with Alleghanians)
Chappelle, W. J.
Cole, W. W. (2)
Conrad, Jno.
Cooper, Fred A.
Casy, W. H. (of Washington's show)
Colwell, F. (side show "biz")
Clarke, Kit
"Drakelie"
Carrington, Mr. (circus prop.)
Connolly, Chas. M.
Devere, Wm.
De Haven, Claude (2)
Davis, Sam
Dumont, Frank 33c.
Dixon, Thos. B.
Denyer, Chas. H.
Devere, Thos. (3) 10c.
Downie, Johnny
Dewitt, Lem 6c.
Delano, "Eppee"
Dunbar, F. 9c.
Drayton, Wm.
Davis, Scott
Day, Tom
Dreedger, Isaac
Everetts, Harry (concert "biz)
Engle, J.
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (3)
Fair, Geo. A.
Flohr, W. H.
Foster, J. W.
Foster, Jay
French, Harry (minst. "biz") (2)
Fuller, Geo. F.
Flair, H. (of Barrett's Dram. Co.)
Foxwell, Harry T.
Ferris, Jno.
Frost, Hyatt
Forest, Chas. B.
Fortescue, Geo. K.
Forsaugh, Adam
Forester, B. (clarionettist)
Fosselle, —
Furguson, O. J.
Fox, Geo. L.
Foster, Chas.
Frohman, Gustavus (2)
Florentine, Mons.
Great Farini, Circus Manager
Gilbert, Jas. V.
Gedmeyer, H. (of Strack & Co.)
Gesche, J. (of Thomas' Co.)
Gilbert, B. (leader)
George, Ben (with La Rue)
Galliger, J. (of Owen's Comb.)
Green, Matt. (musician)
Gilroy, E. O.
Grover, J. Holmes
Gleasons, The
Grimble, C.
Gibbs, Charlie (of D'Este Co.)
Gurr, Jno.
Lon Gibbons
Gorman, Jas.
Glenwick, Geo.
Howe, Frank J.
Holly, Jas. (song-and-dance)
Homan, G. W.
Hurst, Jno.
Holman, A. D.
Hayden, Chas. (circus "biz")
Heinrich, Ferdinand (2)
Hunt, Oscar (of Y. & N. O. Cir.)
Hask & Rankin
Haynes, Jas. W.
Hanchett, D.
Howes, Seth B.
Hermann, Prof. A. (2)
Hamilton, Sergt. "Pete" (drillist)
Hutchinson, Jas.
Haynes, M. R.
Barrett's Co.)
Hodges, D. B.
Hunter, Chas. (wizard, etc.)
Howard, G. C.
Hurdle, Harry (2)
Hampton, Color. Students
Harris, Jno. (of Howe's Cir.)
Henry, H. F.
Heywood, Jas. (of Heyw. Bros).
Hicks or Hickey, Jas.
Healy, Dr. Jno. E. (3)
Herbert & Mafitt
Hooper, Geo. W.
Hudson, J. M.
Hogan, Wm. M. (minstrel)
Hamilton, Theodore
Hamilton, Wiley (3)
Hale, Chas. (of Pittsburg Co.)
Jarvis, Chas. H.
Jaques, Andrew "Jeppe" (2)
Jordan, Jas. (circus "biz")
Jones, Frank
James, Geo. F.
Kent, Frank (2)
Keyes, D. A.
King, Jno. G.
Kirk, Geo. W.
Kean, T. (with H. Rickards)
Kirk, Bobby
Kent, Frank (mina. (2)
Kavanaugh, D. F.
Kane, Thos. (3)
Kennedy, Jerry
Kirk & Drew
Kelly, Mr. (of Howe's Cir.)
Kinolman, Chas.
Long, T. B. (2)
Lawrence, Frank
Leopold, Eddie
La Vallee, Chas.
Lannier, W. M.
Place, A. (of Zig Zag Troupe)
Lauren, J. L.
Lewis & Co.
Levens, Frank (of Cole's Cir.)
Lee, Richard S. 10c.
Little, Mr. 13c. post mark Macbeth's
Lent, L. B. (2)
Leroy, J. M.
Lovell, H. (with Carroll Co.)
Lavake, Will K.
Lucas, S.
Lehmeier, Wm.
Lang, Jos.
Lent, L. B.
Leon, Chas.
Lewyn, Wesley
Long, Mr. (of Robbin's Cir.)
Leland, Matt
La Mar, Wm. F.
Lawson, T. (of E. Bryant's Co.)
Lusbie, Ben (2)
Langdon, Thos. J.
Lenter, A. E.
Monks, J.
Morse, J. T. (2)
Moran, J. T.
Mahnken, W. V.
McEvoy, Frank
Matthews, Jas. S.
Makin, Ed. Arden 10c.
Margenstein, Wm.
Murray, Jno. H. (circus prop.)
Mattpoes, The (2)
Menter, Prof. (leader)
Maguire, Jno.
Morris, Mr. (with Denin Comb.)
Mack, J. (of Sher. Mack Co.)
Martin, Prof. D.
Moore & Caser
Monaco, Theo. (gymnast)
Murray, J. H. (2)
Manchester, Geo. E.
McKee, Jas. W.
Mahlon, Chas. (2) 6c.
Morris, Dan 10c.
McCloskey, Mr. (dramatist)
Mayo, Frank (of Marsden, F. (dramatist)
McNulty, Barney (2)
Maginly, Ben
Morman, Will H.
Mauflin, A. W.
McEvoy, W. S.
Mara, Wm. A.
Martino, Prof.
Mitchell, Wm. (musician)
McFadden, Jno.
McGill, Wm. (Mirr. of Ire.)
North, Levi J.
Noonan, Wm.
Newton, S. W.
Nicholls, Dolph (dealer)
Noyes, Frank (2)
Noble, C. F. (2)
Nebinger, Otto
Orm, Sam
O'Brien, Jno. (circus prop.)
Ogden, Geo.
Ogden, J. E. 3c.
Oughton, W. A.
O'Reardon, Prof. M. (3)
Perry, J. H.
Parker, G.
Perry Pa" (2)
Phillips, S.
Pritchard, Spencer
Parsons, Ivy
Primrose, G. (with Haverly)
Perry, Ivy (2)
Parsons, H. T.
Pullman Bros. (2)
Parker, Ned
Pedano, Thos.
Perrong, Will H.
Potter, Chas. A.
Perkins, Fred (mus. direct.)
Perry, Capt. C. M.
Queen, Montgomery (2)
Rainford, Alice
Robbins Burr (2)
Rothwell, Thos.
Reduxe, Frank
Robinson "Yankee" (29)
Romeille, Eugene 6c.
Robinson, Jas. S. (leader)
Rodrigo, S. A.
Ryan, Sam E.
Richards, Wm.
Rudolph (hab)
Robinson, O. S.
Rogers, Loraine
Rogers, Wm. A.
Ray, Billy (of Billy & Maggie)
Rose, Byron
Rosell, — (of date with Barber Bros.)
Rice, Danl.
Rickards, Harry
Richards, Alf (of Griffin & Rice)
Stein, A. K.
Sherry, E. F.
Stratton, J. A.
Sells Bros. (manageis) (2)
Shay, Charlie (3)
Sivalls, Chas. (circus "biz")
Stuart, Ed. (of F. B. Price Co.)
Shuey, W. H.
Sands, Prof.
Sutton, Jno. P. (of Barre t's Co.)
Stanley, Burton (2)
Sands, Geo. E.
Stone, Ben (circus prop.)
Showles, J. J.
Sidwell, Lemons
Sayles, Stephen
Spencer, Sandy
Sieck, J. (of N. Y. Comedy Co.)
Scott, Andy
Thomas, Theodore
Thompson, Jno. ("On Hand") 6c.
Thomas, Charles J.
Thomas & Green
Tayiure, C. W. (2)
Thorne, J. H.
Thompson, Jno. D.
Turner & French
Tralles, Wm. A.
Thompson, Alex.
Talbot, Harry (comed.)
Templeton, Jno.
Williams, Bobby
Welling Bros.
Willis, R. (with Wallace Sist.)
Weightman, C. (man-tish)
Wixon, Lew (of Wilson Bros.)
Warner, J. E. (circus prop.)
Ware, Geo. (2) 20c.
Washburn, E. S.
Woodland, Mr.
Wade, F. J.
Williams, J. L. (agent)
Whitney, J. (with Buckley)
Wittoney, Leon
Wood, Chas.
Warner, J. E.
West, Frank B.
Winnins, Nelson & Mrs. (2)
Washburn, Wm.
Welling, Wm. F.
Wilson, Wm. (with Haverly)
Welling, W. H.
Wallace, C.
Wingfield, J. W.
Washburn, Leon
Whitney, Jno.
Wever, Mr.
Weeks, E. Irving
Wallack, Jas. (of Wallack Comb.)
Wingfield, Jno.
Williams, Gus
Wills, Geo.
Wright, Julie C.
Wagner, Cal
Wilkinsburgh's Show, Manag.
Young, Chas. (ventriloq.)
Zeigler, Chas.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, JAN. 18, '75.

Another snowstorm broke upon us with the morn's early dawn, and as we write the beautiful flakes are coming down in a very lively manner.....Without New Orleans, without the Beecher-Tilton investigation, the great American metropolis would be sensationless; for, excepting these little controversies, we have really nothing of a spicy character to enliven and entertain us. Sheridan's raid is somewhat different from Sheridan's ride; while Moulton's explanations are a trifle at variance with the expositions made by the divine Henry. Whether the scene be laid in New Orleans or in Brooklyn, the plot is deeply thrilling, the situation full of dramatic effects, the whole being a stranger than fiction and far more interesting..... There is considerable distress in dramatic circles, motives of economy necessitating retrenchment on the part of managers—the poor player being the sufferer, in so far as he is compelled to accept a reduction of salary or to walk the plank. And yet managers are scarcely to be blamed, for their business has been at a rather low ebb during the past year; the scarcity of money and the closing of manufactories, and other depressing results of a severe panic, tending to keep people away from theatres and almonishing them to husband their resources until such time as a ray of sunlight may be discernible in the murky atmosphere now surrounding us. Rumors are rife as to what this manager intends to do, what another has in contemplation, and so on; a few founded on fact, but the majority originating in the vivid imagination of hungry critics. As we write, whispers are borne to us upon the midnight winds that tell of plots and of counterplots; that disclose a little inner life of some directors of public amusement, and lay bare the secret intentions of others. Notwithstanding that we already have a sufficiency of dramatic temples, we learn that it is in contemplation to rebuild the little theatre adjoining the Fifth-avenue Hotel on Twenty-fourth street—that theatre the birth of a place where Clara Morris came prominently into notice as the emotional actress of the period; where "Frou-Frou" was brought to light and life; where Agnes Ethel shone resplendent in her good clothes; and where gorgeous Fanny Davenport became "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," until the little theatre was razed to the ground by the devouring element; where, too, the stately Kate Newton, grand and majestic in her bearing, and handsome as a peri, reveled amid that glorious galaxy of talent and beauty and drygoods that made the "Fifth" the talk of the town, and Manager Daly the most envied of men. Poor Kate! she now quietly rests beneath the clods of the valley." Agnes is in the quietude of her own domestic household; but Fanny still lives and reigns; and Daly longs to "go home" to that once lovely little house, where he made friends and money until that day of fire and storm when the Fifth and his hopes were alike buried in the crush and ruin of conflagration. What if Clara Morris should return to her first love—dramatically and emotionally speaking? What if she, emotionally and otherwisedaily, should join her fortunes once more with those of the manager who helped to raise her to her present exalted position! In a word, what if Clara Morris should renew her allegiance to the queendom of Daly, and help to extricate him from the slough of despond! And yet, not only is such an alliance not impossible, but it is among the probabilities in the Middle States. Gosh!.....*Dull times?* Why, the profession never experienced such uncomfortableness! You find more "walking gentlemen" standing still, more juvenile ladies resting on their well-earned laurels, than may be compatible with truth and justice. Not only is this the case in the dramatic walks of life, but in commercial pursuits he who runs may read of the general stagnation in biz. Listen while we recite poetry on

DULL TIMES!

The merchants lounge about their shops,
And often have to say—
As shipwrecked Enoch Arden did—
"No sale from day to day!"

.....We have caught the guilty wretch! It has long been an unsolved problem as to who "Led Astray" the unfortunate one; but at last virtue is triumphant and vice grovels in the dust. Sam French, in one of his business cards, makes this startling disclosure! "Led Astray by Dion Boucicault." Revenge is sweet! saith the hardshell psalm, and Justice is satisfied.....A gentleman who acts in Brooklyn, but who derives sustenance from New York, said, in the hearing of "Our Jim," that, while crossing the river one night last week, "the fog was so thick he couldn't see a yard before him." The injudicious youth volunteered the unnecessary remark, that "the only place of the kind on the river was the Navy Yard, and that it was no wonder that he couldn't see a yard *before* him; had he looked behind, otherwise would have been the case."..... There will be *"Babel* and Bijou" at the "Union-league Theatre" when the little Heron makes her appearance on the occasion of her benefit on Wednesday. In the precious language of one who's "gone before"

"Deal gently with the *Heron* one."

.....Now when Edgar, in "King Lear," made the allegation that "Poor Tom's a-cold," no wonder was shown, no surprise expressed. Why? Because Edgar was an insanity. But when a man in his right mind utters such an exclamation, we may well tremble for the stability of our republican form of government. We are led to these remarks after reading in our amusement cards, the following, as taken down in shorthand by "Our Jim" (Dan Bryant's School." The boy says, "If Dan Bryant's *cool*, why don't he *warm* hisself?".....What do you think of Mrs. Rousby?" "In what way?" "Well, in *any* way. Do you consider her the handsomest woman on the stage, as some of the critics maintain?" "By no manner of means; she is far from to look upon, but not so hanker after; her voice is low and sweet, and there is a tenderness in her expression that breathes of moonlight when the silvery orb is half full, and the flowers are redolent of sweet perfume. We have many actresses of our own production. (Don't make such a remarks that, again, James, or we will shoot you on the spot.) who are far handsomer, far more fascinating, and who can act all round her; and yet this is said with no intention to disparage the Rousby." "Do you think that she answers our expectations?" "Not quite. She was so carded and lauded and bepuffed, in advance of her arrival here, that the public were led to look for a marvel of extraordinary personal and artistic qualities. When she appeared, these anticipations were not realized—hence, her success is not great." "Has she been well received?" "How could she be otherwise? Americans are noted for their gallantry, and beauty they adore. The Rousby has been courteously treated." "Would you have any objection to put your observations on paper, in your own handwriting?" "Yes; we have serious objections to such a proposition. Beecher was led to write note after note, chapter after chapter, at the request and dictation of a mutual friend, and that same friend is now using those notes, and scribblings, and tender lines to the injury of the man who wrote them in his childish innocence, and confidence in mankind. None of it for us." "Adieu, then, good Roderigo." "Farewell, *honest* Iago!" And talking about Rousby and her "Axe and Crown," we would fain inflict upon the patient reader the appended refrain:

LA ROUSBY.

She don't a-*rouse*-by any means
Our feelings, that's for fair;
George Clarke is there, mustache and all;
Welsh Edwards has a *rare bit*
That he might make, with happy "Knack,"
The neatest pen for Jack.

.....At the Tivoli, brother Falk has put the price of admission to reserved seats at 40 cents, and the people respond with fortitude, which is not surprising, when the manager presents an entertainment, as he informs us, that would "Tax Talmage would approve of! Which is saying a great deal for the great pillar of the Tabernacle.....When we took in Davenport, in "The Merchant of Venice," at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, we thought this thought: "Is it really necessary for an actor to assume a *nervous key* when he is playing *Shylock*?" Eh?.....The horse race would seem to possess more interest for the general public than does the human race. How so? A short time ago Mr. Barnum gave prizes for a series of foot-races at his Hippodrome. But the foot-races were a trifle *too* serious, and failed to draw. Last week, Mr. B. offered money prizes for *horse* trots, and the Hippodrome was filled with admirers of the noble animal and his trusty rider; and the veteran showman smiled sweetly as he took up twice as much as he put down. We shouldn't wonder if horse races were to be introduced at the Grand Opera-house and at the Academy of Music. .....Somebody advertises a "wonderful invention, for the organ—a patent pedal, whereby each note furnishes its own wind; no blower required, and can be attached to any *reed organ*. This may be a good thing for the organ, but what becomes of the blower? We *read organ* in this invention, and might profit by the invention, in so far as the substitution of the patent pedal for the other wind instrument would give the reader sounder notes than they now get.....Our Philadelphia friends *seem un*-willing to believe that Miss Seaman—who is playing Satan in "The Deluge," at Wood's Museum, in that city—is a woman. "Our Jim" declares that he "knows plenty of women who can play the devil' as well as she." Isn't he *awful*? .....A new play called "Women of the Day" is to be produced for the first time in New York on Wednesday evening. A person at our elbow wants to know whether women of the day wouldn't be more entertaining? If such a person is permitted to run at large, of what use are New Orleans purging committees and Pacific subsidy investigations?..... "Our Jim" respectfully declined an invitation to attend the *Bal d'Opera* to-morrow night on the supposition that it was for *bal-headed* people! He thought he had too much *"wig-or"* for ten..... About ten o'clock this morning the sound of a gong broke upon the stillness of our sanctum; and James, supposing it was the dinner gong, was going home. "Hold, James!" we exclaimed in deep-st pathos, "whither wouldst thou in such unseemly haste?" "I would hence to my frugal mid-day repast. Heard you not the welcome tone of the gong?" "In sooth, not so, good James; see yonder clock?" "Is now on the stroke of ten. Two hours full must yet elapse ere thou to dinner go." "Methought it were the hour of twelve, when churchyards yawn, and graves give up their dead. Prithee, good sir, hearest thou no sound of invitation to the feast?" "Nay, good Malvolio; 'twere but the tinkling bell, in yonder tower, proclaiming to the world at large that this is *ham* night at Tony Pastor's, and that welcome one and all shall be." "Thou speakest sooth, good marster; and yet, beshrew me, if your brazen gong makes such a *din*, is it not a *din*-ner gong?"

Our readers will observe that the conversation was not, in reality, carried on in this peculiar style; but, with the license of a poet, we have smoothed the rough places in Jim's uncultured words, and given them a meaning that else they could not possess. For this, we find plenty of precedents in the society novels of the day.—ED. CLIP.].....And talking about precedents, is the great trial in Brooklyn destined, like Grant, to be a good or a bad precedent? And this reference to the sensation of the day, requires that we should have something to say about

THAT JURY.

Among them is a *Carpenter*, who'll *join* the different facts—
A man who will *see the evidence*, and see whats'er it lacks;
A *Tailor* who will *sew the facts* in regular order;
(They'll see if *Beach* or *Beecher* will be *Pryor* in the race).
The evidence is *Wheden* into line there will be fun—
The public voice demand the facts—they'll have the *Hull*, or none.
We trust that dozen "good and true" will not by bribes be fired,
But will study *jurist prudence* till their verdict is required.

CITY SUMMARY.

THE REINFORCEMENTS on Jan. 11 at the Metropolitan Theatre included Minnie Gray, who has but recently closed an engagement there, and who elicited applause in her songs-and-dances; Frank Jones, who gave songs-and-dances and performed upon a number of musical instruments, all recently reviewed; Griffin and Rice, clever exponents of Irish songs-and-dances; and Gussie Danvers, who created a favorable impression in Scotch songs, and subsequently, attired in male Highland costume, danced a lively fling. The clever performances included Master Stevie Sarsfield, who evinces marked improvement in his clog-dancing, introducing, considering his age, a wonderful variety of steps, and his time being almost perfection; Bonnie Nelson in serio-comic songs, jig-dancing by Paddy Hughes, Sallie Adams in her musical specialties, songs by Nelly Hughes, and the sketches of "The Robbers of Bay Ridge," "The Dutchman's Baby," and "The Girls of a Certain Period and the Boys of the Bay." Attendance very large in the cheaper portions of the auditorium.

THE GARNELLAS, not content with achieving the wonderful feat of turning a double somersault from shoulders to shoulders, have been practicing another new feat, which they performed in public for the first time at the Olympic Theatre on Wednesday eve'g, Jan. 13. It may be termed a double somersault from seat to feet, and was accomplished in the following manner: Robert lay upon the stage with his feet, upon which little Dick sat, resting in the air. After going through a variety of evolutions, the latter Dick was tossed in the air from his sitting position, made a complete revolutions, and alighted in a standing position upon Robert's feet. Six attempts to accomplish the feat were unsuccessfully made; but on the seventh it was achieved amid the most vociferous applause we ever remember having heard. Little Dick is a marvel. He never, apparently, is out of breath; and when, after repeated failures to accomplish a difficult feat, his elder brother shows signs of giving up, Dick insists upon further trials. Nothing but his pluck and perseverance enabled them to successfully perform the feat above named. Jennie Engle and John Gilbert, who were added to the company on Jan 11, gave serio-comic songs and songs-and-dances, respectively, which were well received. Mr. Gilbert's grotesque dancing is among the best seen upon the variety stage. A new musical sketch, written for Gus Williams and entitled "The Finest Police in the World," was acted for the first times. It reflected somewhat sharply upon the shortcomings of our police force, but failed to create a decidedly favorable impression. Gus Williams is to be credited with an admirable make-up as Capt. Myerheim, and the musical portion of the sketch was excellent. J. Johnson continued his performances under water. William Courtright gave a new musical act entitled "Baxter-street Gin," which was fairly successful; Alice Harrison sang character songs; Burton Stanley continued his excellent female impersonations; and the sketches of "The Messenger Telegraph," "Lobsters and Clams" and "A Dutchman Abroad" filled out the bill, which attracted an average good attendance.

MRS. ROUSBY has continued her impersonation of Lady Elizabeth in "Twixt Axe and Crown," at the Lyceum Theatre, to a fairly remunerative attendance. Now that the company have got acunstomed to the theatre and one another, the play runs much more smoothly.

AT BOOTH'S THEATRE "Little Em'ly" continues the attraction, and a fair business is being done. No change will probably be made until the production of "King Henry V," early in February, under the personal supervision of Manager Charles Calvert of Manchester, Eng., who has won much reputation as a Shakespearian scholar, and for the correct stage-mounting of Shakespeare's plays. This theatre will be closed for one week prior to the production of "Henry V."

THE TICKETS which are being sold by the Masons are to be received during the coming sixty days at Booth's Theatre and the Fifth-avenue Theatre, instead of the Union-square, as originally announced.

DO NOT FORGET that the complimentary testimonial tendered to Little Bijou Heron, at the Union League Theatre, takes place on Wednesday afternoon, Jan. 20. The entertainments will be under the management of Mr. Charles Burnham, and should prove successful.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, 9 West Fourth street, advertises that the Cawthorne Children, sketch and song-and-dance artists; Martha Wren and Jas. Collins, character vocalists; and Ernest and Gerard Byrne, female impersonators, can be engaged through his agency.

AS THE MUSICAL PROGRAMME of the past week, we had presented to us a German rendition of "La Fille de Madame Angot" at the Stadt Theatre on Monday, Jan. 11, with Miss Lina Mayr, as Clairette, who also appeared during the remainder of the week in the musical drama of "Der Verschwender."..... On Wednesday, the ninth Organ Concert was given at the Church of the Holy Trinity, with Mr. J. Pearce as organist and Mrs. W. N. Oliver as vocalist..... A rehearsal of the programme, announced in our last issue, for the third concert of the Philharmonic Society took place at the Academy of Music on Friday afternoon..... The seventh of a series of popular concerts was given at Association Hall on Saturday afternoon; Miss Heilbron, the popular young pianist, performing upon the occasion with Mlle. Parsglid, soprano, and Mr. Sweet, baritone, under the conductorship of Sig. Agramonte.....Offenbach's operetta of "Die Hanni Weint der Nansi Lacht," with a programme of selected music, was rendered at Terrace-garden Theatre on Friday evening, the executants being Madame Pauline Canissa, Mlle. Lina Wassmann, Sig. Reina and Mlle. Heilbron the pianist.....A more than ordinarily interesting concert was given by Theodore Thomas at Steinway Hall on Saturday afternoon, the orchestra, which had been increased for the occasion, interpreting a programme including Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," an octet for string instruments by Mendelssohn, the overture to "William Tell," Schumann's "Traumerei," and "the introduction," "quintet" and "finale" of the third act of Wagner's "Meisteranger."..... Bazin's opera-comique of "Le Voyage en Chine" was performed during the week at the Park Theatre, commencing on Monday, Jan. 11.....The brief season of English opera by the Kellogg Troupe to be given at the Academy of Music, commencing Jan. 25, will open with "Don Pasquale," which will be followed by the first time in this city of Balfe's "Bohemian Girl." The company, which, as we have already announced, with Miss Kellogg at the principal artist, have been strengthened since its appearance here last year, and the repertoire, which has been much enlarged, contains some of the best productions of the operatic school. The troupe, who have just returned from a successful traveling tour, coming to us with the valuable experience of a long engagement in Philadelphia and the numerous representations through the country of the operas to be presented, give every promise of an English operatic season which will be worthy of the support of the music-loving public.

MANAGER OSSI HART, ever upon the alert to present the patrons of the Theatre Comique, a large proportion of whom are ladies and children, with the best attraction which the market affords, gave during the expired week a programme of a greatly varied nature and brimming with mirth and humor. Among those freshly seen upon Jan. 11, John Allen performed for the first time in six years his original song-and-dance entitled "Nicodemus Johnson," which was received with the same degree of applause with which it had been greeted in days of yore. Harry Kernell, who made his first appearance at this theatre, proved to be a popular favor of the audience. As an Irish comedian he counts among the variety stage, his dialect being excellent and his own remarks overflowing with original wit. Harry Richmond, likewise his first appearance, won a fair degree of favor by the delivery of his burlesque stump-speech. Prof. Le Tort deftly performed a number of difficult feats of legerdemain, which completely mystified his spectators. "Going Dutch" Bodyguard," a grotesque musical sketch, was given for the first times by Harrigan, Hart, Carroll, Harris, McAndrews, White and Carter. Although it was very funny, it contained little that was really new. Martha Wren and James Collins performed "Barney's Courtship;" Ben Dodge sang comic songs; and the Coleman Sisters were seen in a German sketch called "The Two Deitschers;" Therese St. John, by her vocal efforts, confirmed the good opinion we have hitherto expressed of her; Ernest and Gerard Byrne were seen in the Broadway Swell and Belle;" Harrigan and Hart performed "Down the Line?" during which the former sang a new song entitled "Pat Maloney's Family," which was well received; Harris and Carroll gave their sketch called "Slavery As it Was;" and the new sketch of "Jack" concluded the entertainments, which attracted large-sized audiences.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" formed the attraction at the Fifth-avenue Theatre during the expired week, and drew a fluctuating attendance. Some changes had been made in the order of the scenes, and the dialogue had been somewhat curtailed and transposed in order that but one scene for each act should be needed for its mounting. The cast, as we have before freshly painted, and the view of the Rialto in Venice, which stood during the first two acts, was very elaborate and beautiful, while the scene called the Pavilion of Cassets, which adorned the third act, was one of the handsomest ever seen upon the local stage. The play was presented, as before, in five acts, the first and last of the original being omitted, and with the exception of the changes above referred to, and the addition of a few lines Mr. Davenport's best characters, and to the scene with Tubal, and in the trial scene, he did not appear at his best. He departed from the conventional make-up by wearing a wig and a peculiar beard of a light auburn tint. Neither did Charlotte Leclercq excel as Portia, being tragedy. Her elocution in the "Mercy" speech was strained and ineffective. D. H. Harkins was fairly successful as Gratiano. Louis James presented a fine appearance as Bassanio, and acted with much spirit. G. F. Devere was acceptable as Antonio. D. Whiting was magnificently made up as Shylock, and delivered the lines with due dignity. Hart Conway was passionate as the young lover Lorenzo. Owen Fawcett, although he presented an excellent picture of Launcelot Gobbo, failed to embody that character satisfactorily, being too hard. Annie Graham was quite satisfactory as Nerissa. Nina Varian is to be complimented upon a very successful impersonation of Jessica, and the rest of the cast was fair. J. W. Jennings being Old Gobbo; James Peakes, Solarino; W. Eytinge, Solarnio; J. Deveau, Balthazar; and John Moore, Tubal. This week all the company return, and "Charity" will be acted on Monday and Tuesday, and on Wednesday Charles H. Morton's comedy "Women of the Day" will be produced. Its achievd success upon its production in Philadelphia will be acted for the first time in this city.

MISS JENNIE MORGAN, whose excellent musical accomplishments make her a welcome guest upon her every appearance in the metropolis, and Miss Viola Clifton, were the new faces at Tony Pastor's on Jan. 11, where, on that evening, in anticipation of the one of the sixty hame which the manager generously distributed among his patrons, a very large audience was assembled, and the attendance during the rest of the week continued good. Miss Morgan sang a number of fresh songs, which in the soprano voice was heard to great advantage, and was the recipient of liberal applause. Miss Clifton's chief attraction consists of the wonderful celerity with which she makes complete changes of her gorgeously rich female costumes. As a vocalist she is fair, and her songs were so familiar to the public that the boys in the gallery sang with due effect the choruses of them. Still her performances were successful. Blanche Selwyn continued her male character songs, winning liberal applause for her vocalism and easy, off-hand style. Tony Pastor sang a new song entitled "The Fairy Queen," which is destined to become quite popular, as the air is catching. In response to encores, he gave the freshest from his repertory. Kitty Whitland, in a ragged costume, sang a pathetic song, and later gave one in neat female attire, after each of which she received a hearty encore. The Richmond Sisters repeated their clever songs-and-dances. The female minstrel first-part was continued, and the sketches of "Situations Wanted" and "The Female Highwaymen" introduced Jas. Reilly, Emmet, Billy Barry, Frank Girard. G. F. McDonald, Larry Dooley, Nellie Germon and Hannah Birch and others.

GEORGE M. CIPRICO began an engagement of one week at Wood's Museum on Jan. 11, acting at the evening performances and Wednesday and Saturday matinees the character of Gale Rolfe, afterwards Edmund Kean, in the four-act drama entitled "Edmund Kean, or Life Among the Gipsies," which has been expressly written for him by E. J. Fitzgerald, and which was reviewed at length in these columns upon its recent production in Baltimore, Md. Mr. Ciprico, although laboring under a severe cold, approach gave satisfaction to his audiences, which were fair in point of numbers, and received efficient aid from the stock company. E. L. Mortimer, who made his first appearance at this theatre, gave a quiet and satisfactory performance of Lord Mowbray. Miss Sophie Miles was quite effective as Gerter Kahn the gipsy queen. H. Sheldon kept the audience well amused as Calcium, the manager of a strolling players, and Nellie Sandford infused a great deal of life and vivacity into the character of Jenny. The others in the cast exhibited care and attention. The drama of "Capt Kyd," with Louis Aldrich in the title-role, was added to the programme on Friday evening, and continued the rest of the week. John Thompson commences an engagement on Jan. 18.

ALTHOUGH BUT FEW CHANGES were made in the programme of the San Francisco Minstrels since our last report, they have done a very fair business. In the first part Wambold's excellent tenor voice was heard to advantage in "Take this Letter to my Mother," and in the olio Mackin and Wilson revived their song-and-dance entitled "I Thought You Was." Billy Birch and Charley Backus were seen in some of their best sketch acts, and Add Ryman in his burlesque lecture elicited much laughter.

J. T. MURPHY of the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., was in town during the past week.

T. J. MARTIN and M. W. Leffingwell, who were engaged for the season at Wood's Museum, left that establishment week before last.

JAMES S. MAFFITT has been engaged for Bryant's Minstrels, for two weeks or longer, to finish the show with pantomime. He commences on Jan. 25.

BARNEY AND RICKEY, who were retired from Poole's flock of the Olympic on the 13th, are at Stetson's, Boston, this week.

ALICE GRAY has left Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre, she having canceled her engagement on the 13th inst.

DELEHANTY AND HINCHLER are to open at the Theatre Comique on Jan. 18 in "Tricks in Love." This will be their first appearance there in two years.

MANAGER R. M. FIELD of the Boston (Mass.) Museum was in town during the past week.

C. D. WARD of Philadelphia, Pa., paid the city a flying visit the past week.

J. W. MORRISSEY has resumed his position as treasurer of the Fifth-avenue Theatre.

J. L. TOOLE'S DRAMATIC COMPANY, now playing at the Globe Theatre, Boston, open at the Lyceum Theatre, this city, Feb. 15, for two or more weeks.

JOHN LE FAVRE MANSTNO has assumed the management of the Metropolitan Theatre.

TIM HAYS, the well-known clog-dancer, who is in ill-health, is to have a benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 21. A large number of volunteers from the minstrel and variety theatres are to appear. Mr. Hays intends going to Florida to pass the rest of the cold season.

MR. AND MRS. GOURLAY, Miss Minnie Gourlay, Lulu Delmay, Delehanty and Hengler, Sigs. A. Bini and M. E. Frechini and Crosaley and Elder are to appear at the Theatre Comique this week.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL, Ling Look, Yamadiva, May and Porter and Frank Donaldson will be freshly seen at the Olympic Theatre this week.

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COLUMBUS, O., has been lively in the amusement line during the past week. At Comstock's Opera-house, Frank E. Aiken, supported by John E. Ellsler's Academy Company (from Cleveland), drew fair houses Jan. 11, 12, 13, in his realistic impersonation of Van the Virginian. Though slightly inconsistent in plot, the play is graced with beautiful phrases of speech, has many startling situations, and is largely productive of realistic effects. Mr. Aiken renders Van with more naturalness of conception than many of the heroes of our latest of modern sensational dramas. Mr. Aiken goes to Dayton 14, 15, Springfield 16, Louisville 18, for one week, at Macauley's..... At Sargent's Athenæum, C. W. Barry opened in "Escaped from Sing Sing," Jan. 11, to good business. This piece and "Roped In" occupied the week, both standard and company giving general satisfaction. Oliver Doud Byron is booked for Jan. 18 in "Across the Continent." Advices of Jan. 15.

GEORGE HINCKLEY, juvenile actor, died in San Francisco, Cal., on Jan. 1 from congestion of the lungs. Deceased was about thirty years of age, and had been connected for a dozen or more years with various theatres in that State. He was possessed of great mechanical talent, having originated, among many other things, the ship-effect in the drama of "The Red Pocketbook," which was played throughout the United States a short time ago by Mr. Joseph Proctor. Deceased was 30 years of age, and was a useful actor, possessing no little talent as a comedian. He was a brother of Sallie Hinckley, the popular actress. His funeral took place from Trinity Church Jan. 3, and was largely attended by professionals. The pallbearers were Harry Courtaine, James F. Herne, F. Mitchell, John Torrence, W. Crosbie and Robert Preston.

FROM OUR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., correspondence, dated Jan. 3, which arrived too late for publication, we learn that "Hamlet" was produced, with new scenery, costumes and appointments, on Dec. 28, and ran one week. The gross receipts, as given by Mr. Finch, the treasurer, to the public, night by night, amounted in the total to $11,173 50. This was the fourth Shakespearian revival at that house..... At Maguire's Theatre "The Enchantress" continued the attraction.

THE SELDEN-IRWIN COMBINATION, which performed during the past week at Jefferson, Texas, will be this week at Austin.

FRANK EVANS, leading man at the Park Theatre Brooklyn, L. I., is to have a benefit on Saturday evening, Jan. 23, when, in addition to the regular company of that theatre, J. B. Studley, E. Eddy, J. W. Morton, and several popular artists from Donnelly's Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, and the Olympic, New York, have kindly volunteered their services.

MRS. OATES' ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE have held the stage of De Bar's Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., during the week, and have drawn very good houses. They remain another week..... J. K. Emmet opened with "Fritz" at the Olympic Theatre Jan. 11, and drew immense houses all the week. He remains an other week.

CIARA WILDMAN'S New York Comedy Company, which began a brief season at Columbia, S. C., Jan. 14, is to perform at Sumter three nights of this week.

MISS. F. S. CHANFRAU made her reappearance in Louisville, Ky., after an absence of several years, at Macauley's Theatre, Jan. 11, and, notwithstanding the evening was very cold, was welcomed by a very good-sized audience. "Was She Right?" was the drama chosen for the opening night. With a part which offered not many chances for individual distinction, Mrs. Chanfrau has done wonders. Her Emily Steadman is a graceful and natural piece of acting from first to last. W. H. Power acted the character of Clarence Walton with grace and ease. Ada Lawrence was somewhat overweighted as Dowager Presbury. Annie Gray was ably played by Miss Bailey with much simplicity and patnos. Miss McClellan and J. T. Craven were in the right places as Mrs. Rushton and Jack Rudd. This play was repeated on Tuesday, followed on Wednesday and Thursday by "Jealousy," and Friday and Saturday by "Christie Johnstone." Frank Aiken opens Jan. 18 in "The Virginian."..... The engagement of Mr. Y. Lingham, leading man of Macauley's Theatre, terminated on Jan. 9, and he departed for New York..... The favorite comedian, J. K. Emmet, under the management of R. E. J. Miles, appeared at Public Library Hall on Thursday evening, the 7th inst.; but as Mr. E. was suffering from the effects of a "severe indisposition," the performance was cut very short. Emmet had a "relapse" on Friday, and was unable to fill the rest of his engagement. Letter of Jan. 14.

J. H. STODDARD and company returned to St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 16, when Mr. S. was tendered a complimentary benefit. Route: Marshalltown, Ia., 18, Des Moines 19, 20, 21, Fort Dodge 22, 23, Sioux City 25, 26, Council Bluffs 27, Omaha, Neb., 28, 29, 30.

GEO. STRETTON, leading juvenile, late of Jarrett & Palmer's "Black Crook" Company, advertises that he is at liberty to accept an engagement.

MISS KATIE NEW, soubrette and comedienne, who has lately been performing with Jarrett & Palmer's "Black Crook" Company, can be engaged by addressing her as per card elsewhere.

A YOUNG LADY STAR wants a partner, one who has some knowledge of the theatrical business preferred. Other particulars will be found published in R. C.'s card.

FRED G. MAEDER offers for sale copies and rights of many of his plays, a list of which are published in his advertisement elsewhere.

J. R. ALLEN'S "BLACK CROOK" COMPANY performed the past week at Houston, Texas. Route: Galveston.

FROM NEW ORLEANS, LA., our correspondent sends the appended review of amusements under date of Jan. 12: "The inclement weather experienced during the present season, and political confusion and excitement, have exerted a terribly depressing influence upon affairs dramatic during the past week. In fact, but for the indomitable pluck of brain managers, those drawbacks would have caused almost a complete suspension of amusements. Under the circumstances, any detailed reference to the business done at the various houses would be unfair to the attractions which have held their boards. Miss Ada Gray, who opened an engagement at the St. Charles Theatre on Jan. 5, playing 'Camille,' and supported by the company, has since given several of the well-known personations embraced in her repertoire. She has improved since her visit here one year ago, and her action and reading are so natural and clear that she is always enthusiastically appreciated, whether the audience be large or small. Miss Gray's engagement will terminate on the 17th, and her route ahead is as follows: Jackson, Miss., 18, Vicksburg 19, 20, Canton 21, 22; Jackson 23, Meridian 25, Selma, Ala., 26 and 27, Montgomery 28, Columbia, Ga., 29; thence St. Joseph, Mo., two weeks, and Kansas City for a like period. She is to be followed at the St. Charles by Mrs. Landers' Combination on the 18th..... At Bidwell's Academy of Music, 'The Seven Sisters' was withdrawn on the 10th, as also the olio of specialties, terminating the engagement of Miss Sallie Clinetop, Miss Betty Remmelsberg, Miss Kitty Brooke, the Twin Sisters Valtaire, Messrs. Ashcroft and Knight. Miss Sallie Clinetop left on the 11th for Pittsburg, for rest and recuperation; Miss Kitty Brooke and Mr. Ashcroft, for New York; Miss Betty Remmelsberg and Geo. Knight, for Cincinnati. On the 11th, Miss Lucille Western opened at the Academy, the play being 'East Lynne,' At the Varieties Theatre, Burbish's Fifth avenue Combination are in the second week of their engagement, and are to be followed Jan. 18 by Lawrence Barrett and company."

W. T. MELVILLE in his sensational drama of "Smoke," opens at the Front street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., on Jan. 25. Managers can address his agent, J. J. McCloskey, who advertises.

A GOOD GENERAL ACTOR and a first-class agent are wanted immediately for E. B. Brown's Dramatic Company. See particulars in the card elsewhere.

CHAS. CARLE of the Howard & Carle "Black Crook" sailed for Germany during the past week from Baltimore, accompanied by his wife and sister. Thos. Howard is confined to his bed at Boston Highlands.

OLIVE LOGAN can be engaged for the first week in February and the last week in March to produce Wirt Sikes' new version of "Surf." This lady is reported to have produced the play with brilliant success in Washington last week, and managers will find extracts from the press of that city and Miss Logan's address in our business department.

THE SUSAN DENIN COMBINATION recently played in Warren, O., and Newcastle, Pa., to good business, and they perform at Sharon on Jan. 18 to 23. On the 21st Miss Denin will appear for the 365th consecutive night of her present season, and Mr. Edward Clifford, formerly of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, now stage-manager of this company, has travelled with it since its organization. Route: Canton, O., Jan. 25 to 27, Akron 28 to 30, Sioux City 25, 26, Council Bluffs 27, Omaha, Neb., 28, 29, 30.

GEO. STRETTON, leading juvenile, late of Jarrett & Palmer's "Black Crook" Company, advertises that he is at liberty to accept an engagement.

MISS KATIE NEW, soubrette and comedienne, who has lately been performing with Jarrett & Palmer's "Black Crook" Company, can be engaged by addressing her as per card elsewhere.

A YOUNG LADY STAR wants a partner, one who has some knowledge of the theatrical business preferred. Other particulars will be found published in R. C.'s card.

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W. T. MELVILLE in his sensational drama of "Smoke"

TERMS:

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ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news departments, 30 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

FRANK QUEEN Editor and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

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SEND YOUR ORDERS AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE TO OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS,
THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
117 to 121 Nassau street, New York.

TO THE PUBLIC.—I WISH TO STATE that I was legally married to Mr. W. C. Burton, AS I SUPPOSED, May 22, '74. After living with him two or three weeks, I found a number of letters from Miss Rainforth, signing herself his wife. I then asked Mr. Burton for an explanation. He remarked that she was a woman he had been living with for a number of years, and who had written the letters supposing they would fall into the hands of his family, as she wished to ruin him. Only partially believing him, I made an investigation and found Miss Rainforth to be his wife. So, as I value my reputation, I left Mr. Burton, and have since been married to Mr. Allen. De Leon. Mr. Burton certainly can have no claims on me when he has another wife. MRS. M. L. DE LEON.
43-1t* Professionally Marion L. Norwood.

EUREKA.
We have found a Hotel where they don't have Goodyear's Patent steak;
Where they don't have boneset-tea and rye-coffee;
Where they don't stuff you with bread pudding and hash;
Where they don't pound on a gong before daylight to wake the farmers up;
Where the landlord don't squeal when you want your trunk taken upstairs; where the servants are polite and obliging, and don't rush in your room before you are dressed to count the towels. Agents, make a note of it and paste it in your hats. ST. CLOUD HOTEL, Taunton, Mass., W. H. HARLOW, Proprietor. RICHARD WILLIS and Members of Wallace Sisters' Orchestra. 43-1t*

NOTICE TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
Still DISENGAGED for the Tenting Season of 1875, the GREAT NEW YORK CIRCUS BRASS AND STRING BAND, with J. K. Walsh as solo cornet. Last two seasons with L. B. Lent. Acknowledged to be the best circus band in America. For terms, etc., address
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Leader Ward's Opera-house,
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TO SIDE-SHOW MANAGERS.
CAPT. R. P. WILLIAMS, talker, and a worker. MLLE. ZUELA, Circassian. Speaks French and English. Will handle snakes if required. Managers good. Want an engagement for the coming tenting season. Good references given. R. P. WILLIAMS,
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JOHN AND MARY POWERS,
whose combined weight is nearly 1,400lb., desire an engagement for the tenting season of 1875. They can furnish six horses and harness, two wagons—one a platform spring—new canvas, 28x46ft. complete, organ, snake, and snake-painting, pictures of themselves; Circassian, bird, bear, and monkey paintings; ropes, poles, stakes, stage-carpet, etc. A canvas 28x45ft. is offered for sale.
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TOM MIACO.—It is most time to hear from you. YOU ARE VERY DILATORY.
43-1t* MRS. RYAN.

SIGNOR WANDANA,
the Sword, Sabre and Bayonet Swallower and strong man, with Sideshow Canvas and Two Paintings,
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LARR & FREET.....Proprietors
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The only first-class Variety Theatre in the West. First-class Talent wanted at all times, especially ladies. Open the year round. Salaries low, but sure. Address
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N. B.—No place for drunkards or Hamfisters. 41-4t*

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Dec. 17, 1874. 40-4t

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wish an engagement for the coming tenting season of 1875. Business: Trapeze, with my wife, the quickest act in the country. Also First Singing Clown, Hurdle Act. Got my own horses. Good tumbler and leaper. All our acts are first-class. Address (41-13t*) R. HUNTING, Newcastle, Pa.

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Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, Feb. 15, one week.
Louisville, Ky., Feb. 22, one week.
Cleveland, Ohio, March 1, one week.
Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, March 22, one week.
Albaugh's Theatre, Albany, March 29, one week.
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Address all letters P. O. Box 455,
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WEST AND KABRICH'S
OPERA-HOUSE, MEXICO, MO.
is now open to all first-class troupes. Hall well ventilated; raised seats, good stage, dressing-rooms, ticket office. Will seat 600, and hold 1,000. Population of our city, 6,000. Good show town. Rents moderate.
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Reopened Sept. 21, 1874, with entire new scenery, flats, enlarged stage, new drop-curtain, etc.
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Artists will address the Manager as above. 40-4t*

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Thirty-eight miles from Chicago.
SEATING CAPACITY, 900.
POPULATION OF TOWN, 15,000.
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ONE NIGHT, $40;
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WANTED IMMEDIATELY,
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MASTER FRANKY,
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having been remodeled and improved, is considered the finest saloon in the city; well adapted for balls, concerts, sociables, lectures, etc., with
A SEATING CAPACITY FOR ONE THOUSAND.
Dimensions of auditorium, 62x80ft., stage, 18x42ft., with circular front; lighting and heating facilities unsurpassed, and is now ready for engagement for first class entertainments. For terms, etc., address L. B. ALLEY, Janitor,
ODDFELLOWS' HALL,
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$1,500.
TO ADVANCE AGENTS.—Wanted a man well up in the show business, with above amount, to take half interest in one of the best exhibitions in the country, to travel in the capacity of advance agent. None need address who do not thoroughly understand the business.
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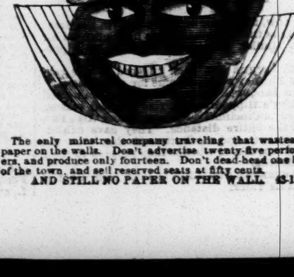

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